THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For FEBRUARY 1803.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Husband restored, ... 59
2 Signe and Habor; a Gothic Romance, 61
3 The Monks and the Robbers, ... 65
4 Account of the new Comedy—'Hear both Sides,' 67
5 The Song of Morrough, the Bard, .. 69
6 The Dramatist, ... 71
7 Story of Lockman, a Persian Physician, ... 74
8 On Modesty and Diffidence, Assurance and Impudence, ... 75
9 Critical Observatiens on the novel of 'Tom Jones,' 77
10 The Renunciation, ... 85
11 On the Desire of Riches, ... 88
12 Parisian Fashions, ... 90
13 London Fashions, ... 92
14 The Moral Zoologist, ... 93
15 Account of the new Play—'The Hero of the North,' 98
16 On Love, ... 100
17 Poetical Essays:—Incle and Yarico. The Vigil of Elva. An Elegy. To Fancy. Songs in the new Historical Play of 'The Hero of the North.' Anacreontic, ... 101—104
18 Foreign News, ... 105
19 Home News, ... 108
20 Births, ... 111
21 Marriages, ... 111
22 Deaths, ... 112

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates:

1 The Husband restored.
2 For the Moral Zoologist—The FALCON.
3 An elegantly-coloured PARIS DRESS.
4 A new and elegant Pattern for a Veil, &c.
5 MUSIC—'The Sluggard.'—by Mr. W. Barre.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In confequence of the unfortunate fire which, in the beginning of the month, confumed the printing-office of Mr. Hamilton, the printer of this Magazine, feveral contributions of different correfpondents, intended for infertion in this number, have been deftroyed or loft.—Among thefe are, the continuation of the *Life of Robert M'Kenzie*—*The Eaftern Slaves*, by E. W.—*A Morning's Walk in February*, by J. Webb—and feveral other pieces. If our Correfpondents can fend other copies, they fhall certainly be inferted.

Veritas is received, and fhall have a place.

The Effay, entitled *Political Arithmetic*, is likewife received.

The Elegy and Epitaph, by J. M. L., are intended for infertion.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Husband Restored.

THE

LADY's MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1803.

THE HUSBAND RESTORED;

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IN the midſt of the moſt perplexed and diſtreſſing circumſtances of life, when misfortunes appear to accumulate on every ſide, many are the examples which prove that the virtuous, however unhappy, ought always to hope, and never to deſpair.

Mr. Woodgrove, a gentleman of ſmall fortune, married, from affection, (which, however ardent, would be ſtigmatiſed as inconſiderate by the coldly prudent) a lady who had ſtill leſs property than himſelf, for ſhe had literally nothing. For ſome time they ſcarcely perceived that they were daily growing poorer; and even when the 'hungry meagre fiend, worldly want,' preſſed cloſe upon them, they for a while fondly imagined that, claſped in each other's arms, they could defy, not only penury, but pain and death.

But theſe illuſions muſt at laſt vaniſh; the idea that love can render his votaries happy, when oppreſſed by the extreme of indigence, reſembles, perhaps, too much the boaſt of the ſtoic, that he would ſmile in the heated bull of Phalaris. The moment of diſtreſs arrived, and at the ſame time an offer was made to Mr. Woodgrove to go out to India with a gentleman, in a ſituation which might ultimately prove advantageous to him. The offer, in their ſituation, could not be refuſed. Mrs. Woodgrove took a tender and ſorrowful farewell of her huſband, and returned to her father, who, though he had nothing to give her, lived decently, and was ſoon after brought to bed of a ſon.

Within about a twelvemonth afterwards, a lady in the neighbourhood conceived a particular regard for Mrs. Woodgrove, and took her, with her ſon, to reſide with her. For ſeveral years ſhe continued with her as a companion, and lived as happily as was poſſible, in a ſtate of ſeparation from the man whom ſhe valued more than all things elſe in the world. From him ſhe had in the courſe of this time heard more than once, and alſo received remittances in money. But afterwards ſhe heard no more from him for the ſpace of three or four years.

In the mean time, Mrs. Smeaton, the lady with whom Mrs. Woodgrove had ſo long reſided, died; and Mrs. Woodgrove, at the deſire of Mr. Smeaton, undertook the management of his houſehould af-

fairs. He had always shown the greatest friendship to her, and now manifested a more particular attachment, which appeared greatly to increase after the occurrence of a somewhat particular, and, to Mrs. Woodgrove, a very distressing incident.

Mr. Smeaton, coming up to the capital on some business, chanced to fall in company with a gentleman lately arrived from India, of whom he inquired whether he could give him any information of a Mr. Woodgrove who was in India. The gentleman replied, that he had seen him about two years before, at Calcutta; and that, if he remembered rightly, he was to embark in a few days on board a country ship for some place on the coast; and that, if he had done so, he was no longer living—for that ship had been lost, and all on board perished.

This account Mr. Smeaton communicated, but gradually, and with tenderness, to Mrs. Woodgrove. She was much alarmed and distressed; but still cherished a secret, though feeble, hope. As for Mr. Smeaton, he entertained no doubt of the death of Mr. Woodgrove, and from this time his kindness and attachment to Mrs. Woodgrove became daily more and more conspicuous. About the same time, too, Mrs. Woodgrove's father died, and she was left without a relative, or any friend to whom she could apply, except Mr. Smeaton; and his increasing attachment soon began to wear so passionate an appearance as to give her great uneasiness. He endeavoured, by every means in his power, to procure proof that her husband was dead, though he was too honourable to attempt to practise any deception; and he used every argument to persuade her, that, had he been living, she could never have remained so long without hearing from him. But nothing could induce her to give up the hope she still cherished. Her constancy only irritated, and rendered more ardent, his passion, which he at length did not scruple openly to declare. She rejected all his offers in so peremptory and firm a manner, that, at length, overpowered by his frantic passion, he swore that neither she, nor her son, should remain longer under his roof, and obliged them to take the few things they could call their own, and leave his house immediately.

Mrs. Woodgrove set out with her son to take her way to a neighbouring market-town; but, in the agitation of her mind, missed her road, and took one that lead into a neighbouring forest, where she wandered the whole day, without knowing where she was, or whither she went, till evening came on, when, perceiving a gentleman at some distance on horseback, she pressed hastily forward, and, conjuring him to stop, informed him in general terms of her distressed situation, and earnestly requested him to inform her, if it were in his power, where she might meet with suitable and safe accommodations for the night. The gentleman, surprised to meet with a woman of such appearance in such a place, told her, that if she and her son would accompany him to the house of his uncle, which was at the distance of about three miles, she would there be certain to meet with hospitable protection. As they went along, he learned that she had a husband in India; on which he observed, that Mr. Harland, his uncle, had arrived from India, where he had been several years, only the night before, and that she might possibly be able to obtain from him some information relative to her husband. This intelligence produced no small agitation in the breast

of Mrs. Woodgrove, which was immediately filled with the conflicting sensations of alternate hope and fear.

On their arrival at Mr. Harland's, the young gentleman hastened to inform his uncle of the strangers he had brought, and the manner in which he had found them. Mrs. Woodgrove was immediately introduced into the parlour, when, what was her surprise to see, sitting there with Mr. Harland,——her husband! — He had come over with Mr. Harland, and had proposed to go out the next day, when somewhat more recovered of his fatigue, to find his wife, and surprise her with his return. The sensations excited by this unexpected meeting, in the breasts of all who were actors in it, it would be fruitless to attempt to describe. Mr. Woodgrove had acquired a very sufficient competence; but his desire to return to the woman to whom his heart was still devoted would not suffer him to make a longer stay, merely to accumulate a cumbrous fortune. Thus, when this affectionate and virtuous woman seemed about to be deserted by the friend who had supported her, and abandoned to indigence, she, unexpectedly, found *the husband* she had so tenderly loved *restored* to her; with—if not the fortune of a nabob—at least sufficient wealth to enable them to lead the remainder of their lives in independence, and universally respected.

SIGNE AND HABOR;

A GOTHIC ROMANCE.

(Continued from p. 41.)

FOURTEEN days elapsed before the two brothers returned. In the mean time Habor was constantly at court, and took part in all the manly exercises and sports which were there customary. He swam, ran, leaped, and hunted, and gained the prize from all who entered into competition with him: Sigar admired and feared him. He proposed to his queen, Bera, whether it would not be more adviſable to induce him to desist from his purpose.

'He is immoveable,' said she, and it is preferable that he should be so, for he rushes on his own destruction. The keen swords of Alf and Alger shall extinguish my anger in his blood; and this shall be but the beginning of my revenge. Hakon, frantic at Habor's death, shall madly encounter my sons, and fall. The ravens shall pluck out his eyes, and inflict on him the punishment he has merited, for seating himself on the throne of Odin. Habor is noble and magnanimous, I will confess; but he is, therefore, the more worthy victim to the injured ghost of my brother.'

'Not long after, Habor engaged in the chace with other hunters, when a furious wild-boar rushed suddenly out of the wood, and made directly towards Bera. Sigar discharged at him an arrow with a feeble and trembling hand, which struck, but fell, without penetrating his tough hide. At the same instant Habor sprang upon the beast, and plunged his hunting-knife into his throat: the ferocious animal fell, and sprinkled Bera with his blood. The haughty queen stammered with difficulty a few expressions of thankfulness, which, however, were more indicatory of shame and implacability than of gratitude. All others who were present extolled the heroic deed to the skies; Signe, alone, cast down her beauteous eyes, and said nothing.

'Why were you silent, my

daughter?' ſaid Bera, when they were alone. 'All praiſe Habor, and ſoon they may praiſe the vanquiſher of Alf and Alger.—Do you think that he is braver than your brothers?—Will they fall as eaſily as the wild-boar?'

'Thouſands have they conquered,' anſwered Signe; 'they are heroes, and Habor is a hero alſo.'

'But who,' ſaid the queen, 'do you think will conquer?'

For the firſt time in my life,' replied Signe, 'I feel anxiety for my brothers.'

'Heaven grant there may be no wiſh for Habor!'

'I am a Dane.'

'Such ever remain, and prove yourſelf eſpecially worthy of your mother's illuſtrious deſcent.'

Here the dialogue ended, and the queen and her daughter ſeparated.

Habor was free and unconſtrained in his carriage and converſation with all, except the princeſs, with whom he was diffident and reſerved. He ſpake to her ſeldom, and ſaid but little. She anſwered in a few words, and never ſpoke to him but in reply. He had in his train a confidential friend, named Aſmund, who expreſſed his ſurpriſe at the conduct of Habor.

'Why,' ſaid he, 'are you ſo ſilent when you are with Signe?—Love inſpires courage.

'Love,' ſaid Habor, 'cauſes timidity.'

'How often,' added Aſmund, 'have I ſeen you turn pale—pale before a woman—you, who innumerable times have faced and braved death!—Why do you not diſcloſe the ſecret of your heart?—Speak, and Signe will love!'

'What ſay you, Aſmund?—Do you not remember Signe's vow?—She may not, ſhe cannot, love me till ſhe is aſſured that I am braver than her brothers.—I love her.—But either I ſhall fall, or I ſhall conquer.—If I fall, I conceal my love.—In Valhalla, Signe ſhall be my joy.—If I conquer, then is Signe mine.'

'She will, no doubt, be yours,' ſaid Aſmund, 'for vows are ſacred: but will ſhe love you?—Were you to avow to her your ſentiments, you would be more certain of her affection.'

'She does not hate me.—Were Signe to give me her heart without reſerve, and I were to fall in the conteſt, ſhe would be unhappy; and ſhould I not be the cauſe of her unhappineſs?'

Habor was ſilent, and tears flowed down his cheeks.

'A hero weeps!' exclaimed Aſmund.

'I am a man,' ſaid Habor.

'And for a woman you weep!'

'I will die for her—every thing will I do for Signe.—I will engage in the bloody conflict.

'But ſhould you kill her brothers?—Will Signe then ———

'She has made a vow to Freya.'

'I fear Bera.'

'She cannot change the manners of the nation; this will not be permitted her.'

'Signe, indeed, is charming.'

'Yes, roſes are not ſo fair: they expand not ſo beauteous before the zephyr as her lovely lips uncloſe. Grace and gentleneſs ſmile upon them. Henos* is not ſo fair.—Freya herſelf weeps not ſuch tears.—She alone can beſtow the apple of Idun†.—With her is an eternal

* The daughter of Freya.

† Idun's apple, in the mythology of the north, was eaten by the gods, and renewed their youth. Idun was married to Brage, the god of eloquence. The meaning of the allegory, doubtleſs, is, that the gods, that is, renowned men, renew or prolong their lives, and acquire immortality, by their own eloquence, or the fame beſtowed on them by poets and orators.

ſpring.—My heart tells me that ſhe will be mine.'

'But ſhould your heart deceive you, dear friend?—Accept my advice:—let us return to Norway.—Fly the fire that conſumes you, and which will either procure you death from the ſwords of the brothers of Signe, or expoſe you to fall by the hatred and vengeful machinations of her mother.'

'Is this the language of Aſmund?' exclaimed Habor.—'Return!—be diſhonoured! — loſe Signe! — O death, I embrace thee!—Say thus again, and our friendſhip muſt be at an end.'

'You command,' anſwered Aſmund, 'and I am ſilent.'

'It is reſolved,' ſaid Habor.—'I can but die, and then—then—the tears of Signe ſhall comfort me.—I know my own worth, and I am certain of Signe's pity.'

'I am ſilent; but ſuffer me to aſk you one queſtion:—When did you ſee Signe ſhed tears?'

'When I had killed the wild boar, and advanced towards the place where Bera and the princeſs were, what a ſcene drew my attention!—Signe leaned againſt a broken tree, with her eyes fixed on the dead animal.—Concern and anxiety were painted in her countenance, ſighs burſt from her breaſt, and her tears flowed. In a broken voice, ſhe called on Bera, Alf, Alger, and Habor, and then ſank down at the foot of the tree, and bedewed its roots with tears.—Oh Heaven! that they had been ſhed for me!'

'Drink her tears, and then die, happy Habor!—the noble Signe loves thee.—Speak to her, and avow your paſſion.'

'Actions ſpeak more than words,' replied Habor.—'My virtue, my courage, ſhall ſpeak, and not my tongue.—My ſilence ſhall be profound as my paſſion is ardent.'

Sigar and Habor ſometimes played at cheſs, but the latter always was victor. One day the princeſs was preſent, and Sigar, as uſual, loſt.

'Avenge my defeat, daughter,' ſaid the king, 'for you are an excellent player; and let your ſucceſs be the forerunner of your brothers' triumph.'

Signe caſt an anxious look on her father; but, without returning an anſwer, took her ſeat.

'Princeſs,' ſaid Habor, 'I accept this challenge, according to the words of your royal father.—You ſhall repreſent your brothers, and I will contend as againſt them.'

'No, Habor,' anſwered ſhe, while a tear of ſenſibility moiſtened her eye, 'conſanguinity reſtrains me from treating with levity the defeat of my brothers, while hoſpitality forbids me to wiſh yours.'

Theſe words drew a ſmile from Svanhild, a princeſs of Gothland, who had been brought up from her earlieſt years with Signe, and who was the affianced bride of Alger.

'We will then commit our fortune to the goddeſs of deſtiny,' anſwered Habor, with an expreſſion of ſatisfaction in his countenance. The eyes of Signe brightened up, and ſhe began to play.

The game laſted a long time. They frequently delayed the move, and when they made it, appeared not to have known what they were doing. They overlooked many opportunities, and at length their two kings remained alone on the board, and neither could lay claim to victory. Bera walked backwards and forwards in the chamber, with an air of diſquietude.

'My daughter,' ſaid ſhe, 'is very polite to this ſtranger; ſhe has not exerted her whole ſtrength.'

'It ſeemed to me,' ſaid Svanhild, 'that Habor played better againſt Sigar.'

'I have employed my utmoſt ſkill,' ſaid Habor, 'but Signe plays better than Sigar.'

'Yes,' anſwered Bolviſe, 'ſhe is a woman, and beautiful.'

Bolviſe was the principal counſellor of Sigar, and almoſt blind from age, which, however, had not impaired his underſtanding or his ſubtlety; for, in the whole court, there was not a perſon more artful and intriguing.

At another time it chanced that Sigar and his attendants, accompanied by the queen, the princeſs, and Habor, went out on a hunting-party. Habor rode by the ſide of Sigar, but with his eyes almoſt conſtantly fixed on Signe. They came to a river, which a ſtag they had rouſed ſwam over. Sigar alighted from his horſe, as did Habor likewiſe; many of the company remained on the bank of the river, partly on foot, and partly on horſe-back; while others plunged in, and followed the ſtag. Signe remained on horſeback; and, her thoughts being employed on her peculiar ſituation, let the bridle drop from her hand. Her horſe immediately leaped into the ſtream to follow the others, and ſhe fell from his back, while the animal ſank in a kind of gulf, and was drowned. Scarcely could the ſtanders-by perceive the accident before they ſaw Habor in the midſt of the river, with the princeſs on his back. He ſoon brought her out; and Svanhild, and all who were preſent, haſtened to give her every neceſſary aſſiſtance. She had fainted, but was ſoon recovered; and, fixing her eyes firſt upon Habor, and then upon Svanhild:—'Was it not Habor who ſaved me?' ſaid ſhe, with a feeble voice.

'You wiſh to find it was he,' ſaid Bera, haſtily interrupting her.—'No perſon can do any thing but Habor.'

'Yes, it was Habor who ſaved you,' ſaid Belviſe, a worthy and wiſe man, the brother of Bolviſe.

'It was a fortunate accident,' added the queen, 'that he was ſo near the bank.—Had he ſaved the horſe too, he would have done more perhaps than another could have done.'

'Your hatred ſpeaks,' retorted Belviſe, ſomewhat haſtily.—'Let Odin and the fatal goddeſſes decide his lot, and let us be content with their decree.'

Sigar approached Habor, took him by the hand, and ſaid:—'Thou haſt ſaved our daughter—from gratitude I would willingly preſerve thy life—combat not with my ſons.'

'I fear them not,' anſwered Habor.

On their return, Signe extended her hand to Habor, but drew it ſuddenly back, while a crimſon bluſh overſpread her cheek.

'Habor has preſerved my life,' ſaid ſhe, 'and how can I avoid feeling for him the warmeſt friendſhip?'

Habor made no reply; for the eyes of the queen were fixed on him, and he wiſhed not to increaſe her anger. But he glanced at Signe a look which ſufficiently ſpoke his meaning; a look which can only proceed from the eyes of lovers, and which no painter can pourtray, or poet deſcribe.

(*To be continued.*)

The MONKS *and the* ROBBERS; A TALE.

(Continued from Vol. XXXIII. p. 512.)

ALTERNATELY bearing their fair captive, who by this time had recovered her perception, the robbers, apprehenſive ſtill of purſuit, preſſed forward, nor counted themſelves free from danger, till they reached their place of deſtination, and delivered their lovely prize to their employer.

Again immured within the walls of Reveldi, again conſigned to the mercy of Tancred, and again confined to her chamber, the hapleſs Juliet, when left to herſelf, gave unreſtrained indulgence to the anguiſh that oppreſſed her, and ſpent ſome time in tears and ſorrowful reflexion —reflexion that made her feel more keenly the increaſe of affliction which the recent events had brought upon her, by reſtoring to her, now that every hope of their union was extinguiſhed, her long-loſt Rudolpho. More poignantly now than ever ſhe felt and deplored the cruel deceit which had been practiſed on her, and the dreadful conſequences that reſulted from it—conſequences which ſeparated her from him whom ſhe ſtill loved with unabated violence—deprived her of every hope of comfort and conſolation, and doomed her to the keeneſt deſpair and diſappointment: to the torments of hopeleſs love—to the miſery of being married to him of whom ſhe found every circumſtance concur to ſtrengthen her abhorrence, and from whom ſhe expected to experience naught but inſult and perſecution. But, keen and afflictive as were the ideas theſe things excited, they were yet increaſed by the dreadful ſhock which the information of her marriage had given to Rudolpho, the violence of the emotions he betrayed, and the ſtate of agitation and deſpair in which he took leave of her, when he and the count Verucci departed to ſearch in the foreſt. She knew the ardour and impetuoſity of his feelings, and ſhe anticipated the moſt fearful conſequences from the wound he had received in the diſappointment of his long-cheriſhed hopes; which anticipation was ſtrengthened by reflecting on the encounter of the preceding night, his exclamation on diſcovering her, and the furious conflict that followed. She ſuffered the moſt dreadful apprehenſions, leſt the agony of his mind had made him court death from the ſwords of his adverſaries; and the emotions which her doubt of his ſafety excited, more than thoſe which aroſe from her own ſituation, threw her into a paroxyſm of grief.

Her thoughts were yet abſorbed in ſorrowful contemplations, and the tears which they produced yet flowed down her cheeks, when the lord Tancred entered the apartment. Her boſom throbbed with increaſed anguiſh, and her tears burſt forth afreſh at ſight of him; while he, with looks of kindneſs and compaſſion, ſeated himſelf beſide her, and, with a voice of pity, beſought her to be compoſed; but ſhe regarded him not, and, turning ſilently away from him, continued ſtill to weep. He now graſped her hand in his, preſſed it ardently to his lips; and, drawing her gently towards him, began to ſolicit her love; but, inſtead of anſwering his profeſſions, ſhe ſnatched away her hand, and reproached him with the baſe and deceitful manner in which he had acted towards her; but her fear of him checked her upbraiding, and prevented her from expreſſing entirely the reſentment and abhorrence which his conduct had excited in her boſom: yet ſufficient proof of both was apparent in her manner to render him almoſt hopeleſs of producing ſentiments more accordant to his de-

fires. Still, however, he perfevered in his efforts; and endeavoured by threats, as well as entreaties, to win her to his purpofe; but ftill he found himfelf as far as ever from the accomplifhment of his wifhes. The faint hope he had indulged now vanifhed, and the anger which his difappointment had kindled in his bofom burft forth. He fwore, in the ftrongeft terms, that if, on his return from Palermo (whither, he faid, bufinefs of import called him immediately) fhe ftill perfifted in her obftinacy, force fhould give him the rights he claimed. He bade her not flatter herfelf with a hope of a fecond time efcaping from his power; and then threatening her with every fuffering in his power to inflict, if fhe confented not to his wifhes, he quitted the apartment. She trembled at his threats; and though, in his prefence, fhe had, in a great meafure, concealed the terror they infpired, yet, when left to herfelf, her fortitude gave way, and her mind funk deeper in defpondency; which was increafed upon difcovering the additional precautions that were taken to prevent the poffibility of again efcaping from her prifon.

During the lord Tancred's ftay at Palermo, where, engaged in a round of diffipation and amufement, he continued for fome weeks, Juliet paffed her time in a ftate of the moft fearful fufpenfe and expectation, which every day increafed. The lonelinefs of her fituation, and the want—almoft total—of employment, contributed to nourifh the deep melancholy which had taken poffeffion of her thoughts. Her days were fpent in mournful regret of the paft, and dreadful anticipation of the future; and her nights were wafted almoft without fleep. If, wearied by miferable reflexions, fhe fought a temporary oblivion to her woes, her flumbers were fhort, and difturbed by fearful dreams; which often fo ftrongly impreffed her fancy, that, awaking, fhe would, affrightedly, gaze around her chamber, and find fome difficulty to perfuade herfelf that fhe had been dreaming.

One night, when, ftarting from a dreadful dream, fhe thought fhe beheld, by the light that burned in her chamber, a figure ftanding clofe to her bed-fide, which feemed, the inftant her eyes were directed towards it, to glide away and vanifh into air. Trembling with inexpreffible terror, her fight fhot rapidly round the large and but half-illuminated apartment, but all was ftill and filent; and, as no caufe for alarm was vifible, fhe began to think that the impreffion which her dream had left upon her imagination had deceived her, when a flight noife, which feemed to proceed from a dark part of the chamber, renewed all her fears. Almoft involuntarily, her eyes were directed to difcern from what it arofe; and fhe thought fhe perceived a faint and glimmering light, which appeared as if fhining through fome crevice in the wall of a recefs near her bed-fide. She had but an imperfect view of it. It feemed to move rapidly along, and in an inftant vanifhed from her fight. She knew it was impoffible any human being could have entered her chamber, as fhe had been careful to fecure the only door by which admittance could be gained. She endeavoured to reprefs the fuperftitious dread which affailed her thoughts, and to perfuade herfelf that its caufe was imaginary, and proceeded merely from an imagination difordered by the terrific figures which floated before her eyes while they were clofed in fleep: but the evidence of her fenfes refifted thefe endeavours; and the more fhe pondered on it, the more fhe was terrified at what fhe had feen and heard.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW COMEDY—'HEAR BOTH SIDES'—*performed for the first Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Saturday, Jan.* 29.

The characters were thus represented:—

Fairfax, - -	Mr. Dowton.
Headlong, - -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Sir Ralph Afpen,	Mr. Suett.
Tranfit, his fon, -	Mr. Bannifter.
Melford, - -	Mr. Raymond.
Steward, - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Quillet, - -	Mr. Cherry.
Bailiff, - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Gregory, - -	Mr. Collins.
Major Tennis, -	Mr. Caulfield.
Sir Luke Loftall, -	Mr. Webbe.
Mafter of the hotel,	Mr. Madox.
Robert, - -	Mr. Hollingfworth.
Caroline Melford, -	Mrs. Pope.
Eliza Afpen, - -	Mrs. Jordan.

THE FABLE.

THE fcene lies in London. The chief character in the piece is Fairfax, a folicitor, of great credit, and who, till a very fhort time before the opening of the piece, has uniformly maintained a high reputation for probity and feeling. Having, however, become the inheritor of confiderable property belonging to a rich old man, whofe nephew he had appeared to patronife, Fairfax begins very rapidly to lofe his credit, particularly as he appeared to be in intimate connexion with a worthlefs attorney, named Quillet, who is fuppofed, by fraudulent means, to have become poffeffed of the fortune of a Mr. Melford. Matters remain in this dubious ftate, and Harry Headlong, the nephew, whofe proper inheritance Fairfax has obtained, arrives in London, in expectation of getting at once into poffeffion of the vaft fortune left by his uncle. Harry Headlong, with a good heart, is a wild young man, who has already fquandered two fortunes by generous profufion. He foon becomes acquainted with Tranfit, another thoughtlefs but well-meaning young man. Harry has a high opinion of Fairfax, and foon quarrels with Tranfit, becaufe the latter fpeaks ill of Fairfax. Tranfit is arrefted, and an intended duel is prevented. Tranfit had conducted himfelf in fuch a wild manner, that his wife Eliza, who is the niece of sir Ralph Afpen, is induced to feparate from him, chiefly, however, owing to the artful falfhoods of Sir Ralph. Eliza, finding her hufband in town, puts on a mafk, and has an interview with him. Knowing he is in diftrefs, fhe gives him a pocket-book, containing bank-notes, which he prefents to Harry Headlong, who takes it to relieve the diftreffes of Melford, and for that purpofe gives it to Caroline Melford, the daughter of the latter. It appears that Harry had feen Caroline at a mafquerade in Italy, and had conceived a violent attachment to her, but never could afterwards find her. Melford and his daughter refided in the fame hotel with sir Ralph and Eliza, and the ladies are acquainted. When Headlong vifits the hotel, for the purpofe of relieving the neceffities of Melford, whom he had known in happier days in Italy, Caroline conceals herfelf under her veil for fome time, but afterwards lets Headlong know that fhe is the object of his folicitous fearch. Eliza feeing the pocket-book, which fhe had prefented to her hufband, in the hands of Caroline, and hearing it had been given to her by a young man, naturally concludes that it was an offering of gallantry, and is full of jealoufy. Tranfit, on a fubfequent interview, really does pay gallant homage to Caroline; but he fuppofes his own wife is dead. Thefe matters, however, are all explained, and the only remaining myftery refts upon the conduct of Fairfax. At

length, Fairfax, who ſeems to have acted a very myſterious part, ſummons all the characters together, in order to vindicate his conduct. He ſeverely reproaches Harry Headlong for not attending the calls of a dying uncle, though Fairfax had earneſtly conjured him to return to England. In defence of himſelf, for getting poſſeſſion of Harry's inheritance, he alleges that the teſtator left his fortune to one who was likely to uſe it properly, rather than to one who was likely to ſacrifice it by extravagance. He then gives Harry the title-deeds of the eſtates, and alſo reſtores thoſe of Melford, which he obtained from Quillet, the vile attorney, whoſe clerk has betrayed him. Finally, he informs sir Ralph, that Tranſit is the iſſue of a clandeſtine marriage, which sir Ralph had contracted with a lady at Bruſſels, whom he deſerted, and who died ſoon after. In concluſion, Fairfax fully explains his conduct, and ſhows that he is fairly entitled to the good name he had previouſly acquired—Quillet is to abide the deciſion of the law upon his bad practices; Eliza is reconciled to her huſband, whoſe conduct has been baſely miſrepreſented to her; Headlong marries Caroline, and poetical juſtice is, upon the whole, accompliſhed.

Mr. Holcroft is the avowed author of this piece. Several of the ſcenes are extremely affecting, though generally rather too much detailed. Many of the ſentiments are noble and inſtructive, particularly thoſe in which Fairfax reproves Headlong for his imprudence and extravagance, and Melford, for his want of feeling in the time of his proſperity. The generoſity of the young men is ſomewhat too great for the ordinary caſt of human nature; they give away every thing, and in the next moment fall ſacrifices to claims which a part of what they had unneceſſarily given away would have ſatisfied: others of the ſentiments are more inflated than natural. The only fault of the piece is, an overſtrained philanthropy, in no way uſeful to public morals. The general character of the play, in this reſpect, reſembles thoſe of Kotzebue, and in many parts is equally ſucceſsful. This character is well kept up; but ſo much of the author's attention has been directed to it, that the piece fails to intereſt in other points. There is a want of buſineſs and of buſtle. The play is, however, written in the nervous and elegant ſtyle which diſtinguiſhes all Mr. Holcroft's productions; but there is very little originality of character in it, though the characters are well and boldly drawn.

The prologue, delivered by Mr. Banniſter in a maſterly ſtyle, conſiſts chiefly in comparing the enterpriſe of dramatic writers with the daring enterpriſe of Garnerin's deſcent in a parachute. The epilogue is much better than the prologue, though little more than a verſification of Joe Miller's ſtory of the quaker's giving a *bad name* to his dog. The alluſion is expreſsly made to Fairfax, but it was generally thought that another application was meant—namely, to the author, who has been cenſured for his politics, but whoſe opinions are now by no means favourable to France or Bonaparte. It was extremely well ſpoken by Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Jordan alſo ſang a very beautiful ſong in a moſt exquiſite ſtyle in the firſt act; it was encored with enthuſiaſm, and its effect promoted the good humour of the audience through the remainder of the piece.

The play was, on the whole, received extremely favourably, and has been ſeveral times repeated.

The SONG *of* MORROUGH, *the* BARD, *on the* DEFEAT *of the* DANES, *at* CLANTARFE, *near* DUBLIN, *by* BRIAN BOROM, *the great Monarch of Ireland, A. D.* 1039 *.

HAVE I not my harp in my hand, and shall I not sing the chiefs of the battle; those who brought low the warriors of the north? Oh, king of the east! thy father was there, and the red-haired lost their strength: they fled before him, as the deer from the summits of Mangerton before the striplings of the green lake. Their leader, the mighty Sueno, called aloud—'Why will ye fly, ye hardy men of the cold hills? The raven † claps her wings, and why will ye fly, ye sons of the sea? The battle is on the sand of the shore, the waves are white behind, and whither would ye fly, ye men of the cold hills?' They heard him not, but they fled: behind them was the old king; his sword was as the sword of Fune-mac-Cule ‡, when he smote the strangers in the plains of Tura: with him was the flower of the south. The sons of Mac Carthy were there, whose halls are ever open to the stranger and the master of the harp. The bold O'Briens were there, who tame the waves of the great river; the wide of heart! the generous masters of many sheep! Were ye absent then, oh ye branches of O'Sullivan?—Clantarfe well knows ye were not! Ye left the fishy shores of the great sea: ye left the green islands of the west, and fought for the land of your fathers. Thousands were there besides, from the vales and the forests, who smote them on the back. In the morn, the spear was darted; at the foot of Hoath they fled; and the red sun saw that we fought well.

But what shall I say of thee, oh Mac Murchudah §? who shook hands with the robbers, and invited them to the blaze of thy fire: basely thou didst arise against the land of thy fathers! For this art thou fallen! the strong steed of the hoary king pressed thee to the ground, and his spear sent thee to feel the punishment of the treacherous! For this art thou fallen, and no bard to lament thee! The sons of thy house hate the sound of thy name: no pile of stones rises on the beach to point out the seat of thy remains: thou art never remembered in the halls of the great as a friend of the land, and a man of the saving arm. Think of the proud Mac Murchudah, oh ye sons of the great! and think for what he is fallen!

On the top of the clift I stood, and beheld the battle of the strong, near the white waters. Cormac was there, and the young Turges stood before him: they fought long, till the sword of the son of Mahoun pierced the breast of the foe.—'Lie there, oh thou unhappy!' said the generous Cormac: 'thou wert better than thy fathers; thy soul was tender, and loved the voice of the song: but they despised the strings of brass; they burnt the books of our bards ‖; they sent the speakers of the deeds of the great to the small islands of the north: for this we do

* In the battle, the victorious monarch was mortally wounded, and died next day, in the 88th year of his age.—This song was recited in the hall of Morrough O'Brien, king of Leinster, the eldest son of Brian Borom.

† A raven was painted on the Danish standards: this, they imagined, clapped its wings at the approach of victory; the Danes, being but lately converted to Christianity, had not yet lost this part of their pagan superstition.

‡ Fune-mac-Cule, the real name of Fingal.

§ Mac Murchudah, king of Leinster, assisted the Danes in their conquests in Ireland: he joined them also in this battle, where he was slain.

‖ Turgesuis, the Dane, having conquered Ireland, burnt all their books, and banished their bards and historians. Edward I. made use of the same policy to extinguish the love of liberty in Wales.

ſtill hate their memory. But thou ſhalt be praiſed in the aſſemblies of our men of words: well haſt thou done alſo in war, and our heroes ſhall remember thee.

The enemy now is flying; but where, oh Fergus of the ſweet pipe! where is now the king with the ſilver hairs? 'There he is, on the left,' ſaid the maſter of the ſweet pipe, beſtriding the body of the mighty Ringo.' I looked again from the clift, and ſaw the father of warriors fall: he fell to the ground; an arrow from the crafty Harold pierced the ſide of the king; his white head touched the ſand; the mighty man was no more. Connor, the ſon of his heart, ſaw him fall; over the body of his father he laid his mantle; he waved the red ſword round his head, and ſmote the deſtroyer of the land—ſmote the ſwift Harold: down he fell: his wiles availed him not: he fell beneath the ſword of Connor.

Oh, thou ſtrength of our hands! art thou gone?—thou mighty Brian, art thou fallen? In the days of thy youth thou wert ſwift and ſtrong: in the hours of thy wrinkles thou wert wiſe, nor did thy ſtrength forſake thee! Do we not remember the muſic of thy hall? Do we not ſtill think of the board of Cincora? —Three thouſand men of war ſate round it, and many ſweepers of the ſtrings were there; three thouſand ſate daily around it, and thy door was never ſhut. When the bold men of wrong went abroad, didſt thou not ariſe and bind them? Did not the ſtrong Mac Bruin bow down before thee, when the wailings of the orphans reached thine ear? Thy ſword was powerful, and thy laws were good. From the lakes of the north to the hollow bays of the ſouth, did not a fair virgin * walk, adorned with the gold and the bright ſtones of other lands? Who then did wrong, allured by the love of gold or the beauty of the daughter of Connel?—Alone ſhe went, and untouched ſhe returned; for they reverenced thee and thy laws.

Oh, king that art gone! oft have I heard thy voice exhorting thy ſons to great things.—'Remember the deeds of your fathers; remember the ſword of Denough. The voice of our father Colman was ſtrong, and his feet ſwift up the mountain: from him proceeded Turlough, the good of heart; from him ſprang Lorcan, the tamer of the horſe: mighty were theſe brothers in war, and great in the meetings of the wiſe-men. Think of them, oh my ſons! they ſhut not their gates againſt the poor; they inquired not whoſe footſteps ſounded in the hall: the wanderer was welcome to the houſe of Lorcan, and Turlough gave his hand to the needy and bade him ſit down. Think of them, oh my ſons! for good they were at home, mighty in war, and great in the meetings of wiſe men!'

Oh, king that art gone! I ſee thy children who ſhall riſe in the day to come. As thou haſt ſaid of Turlough and Lorcan, they ſhall ſpeak of thee: the ſons of the ſweet ſound ſhall raiſe thy praiſe with a ſtronger ſweep on the ſtrings: the fathers ſhall praiſe thee, and ſay to their ſons, 'Think of Brian Borom!'—the thoughts of the virgins ſhall praiſe thee, as they bluſh at the hour of their marriage: as the caſtles of the ſons of the ſea fall to the ground, and the graſs grows within their trenches, the tillers of the field ſhall rejoice, and think of thy name.

Oh, king who now remaineſt! thy father was great, and mighty was his loſs: but ariſe thou, and look upon his ſpirit. Think of his ſword on the ſtrand of Clantarfe, and let thy ſoul remember his open gates and the board of Cincora.

* This is a fact atteſted by all the Iriſh bards and hiſtorians.

The DRAMATIST;
A TALE.

(*From the French.*)

CELICOUR followed the advice of Agathe, and at every commendation that he bestowed on Fintac, Fintac thought he discovered in him a new degree of merit.

'The justness of understanding, the penetration of this young man, is without example at his age,' said he to his friends.

At last the confidence he placed in him was such, that he thought he could trust to him what he called the secret of his life: this was a dramatic piece he had composed, and which he had not had the resolution to read to any one, for fear of risking his reputation. After demanding an inviolable secresy, he appointed the time for reading it. At this news, Agathe was transported with joy.

'That is well,' said he: 'courage; redouble the dose of incense; good or bad, in your eyes, this piece has no equal.'

Fintac, *tête-à-tête* with the young man, after double-locking his study-door, drew out from a casket this precious manuscript, and read, with enthusiasm, the coldest, the most insipid, comedy that ever was written. It cost the young man a great deal of mortification to applaud what he felt to be flat and insipid; but Agathe had recommended it to him. He applauded it, therefore, and the dramatist was transported.

'Confess,' said he to him, after reading it, 'confess this is very fine.'

'Yes, very fine.'

'Very well: it is time to tell you why I have chosen you for my only confidant. I have burned with desire, this long time, to see this piece on the stage; but I would not have it go on under my name. (Celicour trembled at these words.) I was unwilling to trust any person; but, in short, I think you worthy of this mark of friendship: you shall present my work as your own; I will have nothing but the pleasure of the success, and I leave the glory of it to you.'

The thought of imposing upon the public would alone have terrified the young man; but that of seeing appear, and being damned under his name, so contemptible a work, shocked him still more. Confounded at the proposal, he withstood it a long time; but his opposition was to no purpose.

'My secret being confided,' said Fintac to him, 'engages you in honour to grant me what I ask. It is indifferent to the public whether the piece be yours or mine, and this friendly imposition can hurt nobody in the world. My piece is my treasure—I make you a present of it; the very remotest posterity will know nothing of it. Here then your delicacy is spared every way: if, after this, you refuse to present this work as your own, I shall think you do not like it, that you only deceive me in praising it, and that you are equally unworthy of my friendship and of my esteem.'

'What would not Agathe's lover resolve upon, rather than incur the hatred of her uncle.' He assured him he was only restrained by laudable motives, and asked twenty-four hours to determine.'

'He has read it to me,' said he to Agathe.'

'Well?'

'Well,' it is execrable!'

'I thought so.'

'But he tells me that he will have it pass for mine.'

'Ah, Celacour! let us praise Heaven for this adventure. Have you accepted it?'

'Not yet; but I shall be forced to it.'

'So much the better.'

'I tell you it is deteftable!'

'So much the better ftill.'

'It will be damned!'

'So much the better, I tell you: we muft fubmit to every thing.'

Celicour did not fleep, through uneafinefs and grief. The next day he repaired to his uncle, and told him that there was nothing which he would not fooner refolve upon than difpleafe him.

'I would not,' faid the dramatift, 'expofe you rafhly. Copy out the piece with your own hand. You fhall read it to my friends, who are excellent judges; and, if they do not think the fuccefs infallible, you are no longer bound to any thing. I require only one thing of you; that is, to ftudy it, in order to read it well.'

This precaution gave the young man fome hope.

'I am,' faid he to Agathe, 'to read the piece to his friends: if they think it bad, he excufes me from bringing it out.'

'They will think it good, and fo much the better: we fhould be undone if they were to diflike it.'

'Explain yourfelf, pray.'

'Get you gone; they muft not fee us together.'

What fhe had forefeen came to pafs. The judges being affembled, the dramatift announced this piece as a prodigy, and efpecially in a young poet. The young poet read beft; and, after Fintac's example, they were in ecftafies at every line—they applauded every fcene. At the conclufion they huzzaed; they difcovered in it the delicacy of Ariftophanes, the elegance of Plautus, the comic force of Terence; and they knew of no piece of Moliere fit to be brought in competition with this. After this trial, there was no longer room to hefitate.

The players, however, were not of the fame opinion with the wits; for they knew before-hand that thefe good people had no tafte; but there was an order to perform the piece. Agathe, who had affifted at the reading, had applauded it with all her might; there were even pathetic paffages at which fhe appeared to be moved, and her enthufiafm for the work had a little reconciled her to the author.

'Could it be poffible,' faid Celicour to her, 'that you fhould have thought that good?'

'Excellent!' faid fhe: 'excellent for us!' and at thefe words fhe left him without faying more.

While the piece was in rehearfal, Fintac ran from houfe to houfe, to difpofe the wits in favour of a young poet of fuch great expectations. At laft the great day arrives, and the dramatift affembles his friends to dinner.

'Let us go, gentlemen,' faid he: 'fupport your own performance. You have judged the piece admirable, you have warranted the fuccefs, and your honour is engaged. As to me, you know how great my weaknefs is: I have the bowels of a father for all rifing geniuses; and I feel, in as lively a manner as themfelves, the uneafinefs they fuffer in thofe terrible moments.'

After dinner, the good friends of the dramatift embraced Celicour tenderly; and told him, that they were going into the pit to be the witneffes, rather than the inftruments, of his triumph. They accordingly repaired thither. The piece was played, but it was not finifhed; and the firft mark of impatience was fhown by thefe good friends.

Fintac was in the houfe, trembling and as pale as death; but all the time that the play lafted, this unhappy and tender father made incredible efforts to encourage the fpectators to fuccour his child. In fhort, he faw it expire; and then, finking beneath grief, he dragged

himſelf to his coach, confounded, dejected, and murmuring againſt Heaven for having been born in ſo barbarous an age. As for poor Celicour, they had granted him the honours of a latticed box; where, ſeated on thorns, he had ſeen what they called his piece, tottering in the firſt act, ſtumbling in the ſecond, and falling in the third. Fintac had promiſed to go and take him up, but had forgot it. What was now to become of him? How eſcape through that multitude who would not fail to know him again, and to point him out perhaps to hiſs and hoot him! At laſt, ſeeing the front empty, he took courage and deſcended; but the ſtore-rooms, the galleries, the ſtairs, were yet full: his conſternation made him be taken notice of; and he heard on all ſides, 'It is he, without doubt. Yes, there he is: it is he! Poor wretch! It is pity! He will do better another time!' He perceived, in a corner, a groupe of damned authors cracking jeſts on their companion. He ſaw alſo the good friends of Fintac, who triumphed in his fall, and on ſeeing him turned their backs upon him. Overwhelmed with confuſion and grief, he repaired to the houſe of the real author; and his firſt care was to aſk for Agathe. He had liberty of ſeeing her, for her uncle had ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet.

'I forewarned you of it. It is fallen, and fallen ſhamefully,' ſaid Celicour, throwing himſelf into a chair.

'So much the better,' ſaid Agathe.

'What, ſo much the better! when your lover is covered with ſhame, and makes himſelf, in order to pleaſe you, the talk and ridicule of all Paris? Ah, it is too much! No, mademoiſelle, it is no longer time to jeſt. I love you more than my life; but, in the ſtate of humiliation in which you now ſee me, I am capable of renouncing both life and yourſelf. I don't know how it has happened that the ſecret has not yet eſcaped me. It is little to expoſe myſelf to the contempt of the public; your cruel uncle leaves me in my diſgrace! I know him: he will be the firſt to bluſh at ſeeing me again; and what I have done to obtain you, perhaps, deprives me of hope for ever. Let him prepare, however, to reſume his piece, or to give me your hand. There is but one way to conſole, and oblige me to ſilence. Heaven is my witneſs, that if, through an impoſſibility, his work had ſucceeded, I ſhould have given to him the honour of it; it is fallen, I bear the ſhame; but it is an effort of love, for which you alone can be the recompenſe.'

'It muſt be confeſt,' ſaid the artful Agathe, in order to irritate him ſtill more, 'that it is a cruel thing to ſee one's ſelf hiſſed for another.'

'So cruel, that I would not act ſuch a part again for my own father.'

'With what an air of contempt they ſee a wretch paſs along whoſe play is damned!'

'The contempt is unjuſt; we conſole ourſelves for that: but their inſolent pity—there is the mortification!'

'I ſuppoſe you were greatly confuſed in coming down ſtairs?—Did you ſalute the ladies?'

'I could have wiſhed to annihilate myſelf.'

'Poor youth! and how will you dare to appear again in the world?'

'I will never appear again in the world, I ſwear to you, but with the name of your huſband, or till after I have retorted on M. de Fintac the humiliation of this failure.'

'You are fully reſolved then to be peremptory with him?'

'Very fully reſolved, do not doubt it. Let him determine this

very evening. If he refuses me your hand, all the news-papers shall publish that he is the author of the damned piece.'

'And that is what I wanted,' said Agathe with triumph; 'there is the object of all those *So-much-the-betters* which put you so much out of patience. Go see my uncle; hold firm; and be assured that we shall be happy.' E. R.

Darlington, Dec. 27, 1802.

The STORY *of* LOCKMAN, *a* PERSIAN PHYSICIAN.

In the city of Caswin, in Persia, there was a great number of public baths; one in particular behind the garden of the king's palace, which is now half destroyed, and of which the following story is told, *viz.* That there lived heretofore at Caswin a very famous physician, named Lockman, a black Arabian, who had acquired so great reputation, not only by the books he had written in medicine, but also by many other excellent productions, that the inhabitants have still a very great veneration for his memory. Nay, it is to be found in their Kulustan, they gave him the surname of Wise; for it is written in the sixth chapter of the second book, that the wise Lockman, being one day asked by what means he had attained so great learning and knowledge, he made answer—'It was by means of the ignorant and uncivil; for he had always done what was contrary to what he had seen them do.'—This Lockman,—having attained a great age, and being upon his death-bed,—sent for his son, and told him, that he would leave him an inestimable treasure; and, having commanded to be brought him three glasses full of certain medicinal waters, he said they had the virtue to raise up a dead man to life, if they were applied before the body began to corrupt. That, casting upon the deceased the water that was in the first glass, the soul would return to the body: that, upon the pouring of the second, the body would stand upright; and that, upon the third, the person would be absolutely alive, and should do all things as before: that, however, he had very seldom made use of this experiment, out of a fear of committing a sin, by undertaking to intermeddle with that which is reserved to God alone; and that, out of the same consideration, he exhorted him to be very careful how he made use of it, as being a secret rather to be admired than put often to experience. With these exhortations, Lockman dying, his son was very mindful of the advice he had given him; and, pretending the same tenderness of conscience as his father had expressed before him, he reserved the glasses till he might have occasion to make trial of them upon himself. Accordingly, being at the point of death, he commanded a man that waited on him, to make use of those glasses as his father had taught him. The man having caused his master's body to be brought into the bath above-mentioned, poured upon it the two first glasses, which wrought the effect which Lockman had promised they should; insomuch that the master sitting up, and impatient to return to life, cries out 'Bris! bris!'—that is to say, 'Pour! pour!'—at which words the fellow was so frightened, that he let the third glass fall down to the ground; so that the unfortunate Lockman Sade was forced to lie down again, and take the journey which all other mortals do. The Persians confidently affirm, that, near the ruinous bath, the voice of 'Bris! bris!' is still many times heard.

On Modesty *and* Diffidence, Assurance *and* Impudence.

The backwardness and reserve which sometimes happily deters people, unawed by other considerations, from doing things which they are conscious are in themselves wrong, and for which they know the world must censure them, is a virtue, and a very amiable one, though in bad company: this is truly modesty; and it always deserves the applause of others, and the utmost encouragement in the breast of the possessor. But, on the other hand, that sensation of the same turn which awes and prevents a man from doing publicly an action which he knows to be right, and by which himself and others would be profited, is not the virtue which acts in the other cause, but is a mischievous counterfeit of it, which we ought to distinguish from it by the name of diffidence, and which it is every man's interest to get the better of, and every body's advantage, who has any concern with a man, that he should banish for ever from his remembrance.

As we are apt to confound the sense of the words modesty and diffidence, we add to the perplexity by using in the same manner two others, which are indeed their proper opposites, and which, under just regulations, would serve very happily to distinguish them, and to keep them separate for ever. We generally use the words assurance and impudence as synonymous terms, and employ them indifferently to express the same ideas: but this is great injustice; as the one is a naturally and eternally odious and distasteful quality; the other, if not an amiable, at least is a good and useful one.

As I would distinguish modesty, as that quality which represses us from being eminent in ill, from diffidence, which deters us from being considerable in any thing, I would separate the ideas conveyed by the words assurance and impudence; by understanding the former to express that freedom of deportment, and sense of consequence, which arises in a man's breast from the consciousness of what are his real merits and qualifications; and the latter, that boldness and importance which a man assumes from a pretension to qualities of which he is not possessed.

Assurance, in this sense of the word, is the opposite of diffidence; an active, valuable quality, and the contradictory one to a blamable habit: and, on the other side, impudence, a detestable habit, the contradictory one of a very amiable and useful virtue. As contrarieties cannot exist at the same time in the same subject, it is easy to see, that impudence and modesty will never be found in the same person, nor assurance connected with diffidence. But, on the other hand, as there is nothing of this natural opposition between the other qualities and habits, unless from our confounding the terms, we are not apt to wonder that we sometimes see the boldest pretensions, when not supported by merit, sink, in an instant, into the most sheepish bashfulness; nor are we to suppose the character to be formed of contraries, when we see the man who is most assured and firm on subjects he is acquainted with, and in occurrences he perfectly understands, become reserved and humble in such as he is conscious he is not prepared for, nor a master of their whole scope.

In these distinct senses of the words impudence and assurance, we shall find some of the most useful and most amiable characters in the world, and some of the most distasteful and contemptible, con-

founded by the unthinking, under the same general term of censure; and when we can divest ourselves of those two troublesome and mischievous qualities, partiality and envy, some slight tincture of which is inseparable from self-love, and consequently is inherent in us all, we shall find infinite pleasure in separating the good from the bad, and real advantage in the coversation of the friends whom we have so selected.

A consciousness of whatever degree of merit a man possesses in whatever way, is inseparable from the possessing it: some men may have more artifice and address to hide it; or they may have a greater love for dissimulation; or they may, finally, think it more worth their while to conceal it; but to destroy the consciousness of it, while the thing itself exists, is as impossible as to separate the shadow from the body in the sun-shine: the man who has a sense of his own superiority in any thing that is in itself valuable, cannot but be pleased with that sense; this pleasure will diffuse itself through all his discourse, and will be seen in any of his actions that are connected with the subject of his honest pride; and as he will be convinced, that he is above the reproof or contradiction of those who are less acquainted with it, he will talk and act with an openness and freedom, at which he who is in terror about the truth of every thing he advances, and in continual hazard of being convinced of error in his assertions, will find it as imprudent as impossible for him to arrive.

Such a deportment, so founded, is what we ought properly to understand by the term assurance; and such an assurance is at least an allowable, if not a desirable quality: he who presumes so far upon the ignorance of those with whom he converses, as to assume this behaviour where he has not that inward consciousness to support it, places impudence in the seat of assurance. Few people are able to judge, in many cases, whether this easy boldness has a just or false foundation; and as superiority, in any respect, is a thing one man is very ill satisfied with allowing to another, it is not a wonder that the two qualities, though such perfect and direct opposites in themselves, are unavoidably confounded by the generality of the world, and purposely, though very disingenuously, by too many of those who are able to judge of them. We find Cicero and Demosthenes very frequently declaring, in very express terms, a consciousness of their own abilities, which the ingenuous candour of the times they lived in never accused of impudence; and Ovid and Horace talk in the easiest manner in the world, of their having procured themselves immortality by their poems. I reverence the age in which a well-grounded assurance was thus in fact, though perhaps not exactly in name, distinguished from impudence; and am apt to believe, that a great deal of the spirit of these inimitable writers would have been lost, if they had not been conscious of living among a people of judgment, who allowed them a reputation which it was their duty to support.

I am well assured, that impudence would never have produced one good line or one just sentiment from any of these authors, in consequence of a false applause given by the injudicious rabble; but it is most certain that the spirit such a deserved fame kept up in these authors, has given birth to many of the passages which have been admired in them for so many ages, and will be so as long as good sense and judgment live in the world.

Darlington, Dec. 28. E. R.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS *on the* NOVEL *of* 'TOM JONES.'

In a Series of Letters from an Uncle to his Niece.

LETTER I.

DEAR NIECE,

SEVERAL years have intervened ſince you and I were accuſtomed to read over together the writings of the inimitable Fielding. Of all his performances, the 'Hiſtory of a Foundling' afforded us the higheſt delight. At the time to which I now allude, a few winters only had snowed on your head: Yet you liſtened to the tender tale with attention, ſympathiſed with the ſorrows of the beautiful Sophia, and oftentimes ſhed a tear as a tribute to the ſufferings ſhe underwent. Neither were you leſs attentive to thoſe paſſages of this incomparable romance, which ſerve to excite riſibility and ſet the table in a roar. Few authors have ſo happily ſucceeded in exciting the mirth of their readers as Mr. Fielding, and you ſeemed to feel the impreſſion. Since theſe days of playful childhood in you, and of my then fiftieth year, many birth-days have paſſed over. You, my dear niece, though yet a young woman, have encountered many trying ſcenes of life; and, at the age of twenty-five, now find yourſelf a widow and mother of three children: for myſelf, I have already paſſed my grand climacteric; and, during theſe three ſcore and odd years of pilgrimage on earth, have experienced many rubs and viciſſitudes of fortune. Adverſity is at leaſt productive of one good conſequence, that it weans us in ſome meaſure from the follies and deluſive proſpects of this world. For you, I doubt not, but many bleſſings are in ſtore. Of theſe, a decent competency is none of the leaſt, to which permit me to add the prattle of your infant family, and the care and aſſiduity which your attendance on them requires from you. It is with a view of alleviating what I am ſenſible you muſt feel, from the great loſs you have experienced, that I now addreſs you with 'Tom Jones' in my hand, to intreat you will once more run over thoſe entertaining pages; and permit me to add a ſhort commentary at the concluſion of each chapter. You are not ignorant of the veneration in which I hold every period which came from the pen of this inimitable author; and of all his works, the 'Hiſtory of a Foundling' is the moſt intereſting; whether we conſider it as a dramatic novel, or, in its moſt ſerious parts, as an inſtructive piece of morality. Taken in the former view, it abounds with that true and genuine wit and humour that we ſhould ſeek for in vain among the works of the numerous claſs of romance writers; and, as a moral writer, the various paſſages to be met with in the courſe of theſe volumes, entitle Mr. Fielding to the higheſt rank among authors of this claſs. I had almoſt ſaid, that a complete body of ethics might be gleaned from an attentive peruſal of his entertaining pages. My own partiality to the works of Mr. Fielding, and particularly to the book now under conſideration, is ſo great, that thoſe who do not know me will ſcarcely credit how often I have travelled over this agreeable path. In fact, whilſt the 'Hiſtory of a Foundling' ſhould remain on the ſhelves, it would not much grieve me, although ſome malicious enchanter, as formerly happened to Don Quixote, ſhould carry away the reſt of the library.

I ſhall now deſiſt from any further reflexions, and proceed to the taſk I

have undertaken. To begin with the dedication, which, as it is managed by the generality of authors, proves, not unusually, the most uninteresting portion of the book: but this address, in which the reader has generally not the smallest concern, Mr. Fielding has contrived to render pleasing even to those who have no connection either with the author or his patron. Of Mr. Lyttleton, under whose auspices Mr. Fielding has thought fit to usher this history into the world, every one, who is acquainted with his character, must acknowledge that the author, in the selection of a patron, could not have made a more judicious choice. Mr. (afterwards lord) Lyttleton was himself at once a writer of eminence, and the Mecænas of men of letters. Without adulation on the one hand, or a blunt pertness on the other, Mr. Fielding's address is polite, affable, friendly, and respectful. On this occasion two other personages were introduced, who were well known in the annals of those times. The duke of Bedford was a man of great political talents; and, in private life, an honour to the high rank he filled in the commonwealth. The character of Mr. Allen will long be held in veneration for shining talents and universal philanthropy; and more particularly by the inhabitants of Bath and its neighbourhood, where he resided, and where his public no less than his private munificence was eminently conspicuous. In the dedication, Mr. Fielding declares, that to recommend goodness and innocence was his sincere endeavour in writing that history: that he had employed all the wit and humour of which he was master to effect this purpose; and that he had endeavoured to laugh mankind out of their favourite follies and vices. The dedication occupies only twelve pages of letter-press, and must be allowed to have exhibited a specimen of panegyric hitherto unrivalled in our language.

The first chapter of the first book, Mr. Fielding styles an introduction to the work, or a bill of fare to the feast; and he declares it his intention to prefix a bill of fare to every course which is to be served up in that of the ensuing volumes. Accordingly, to each of the books in this history, we shall find an introductory chapter, which, though not immediately connected with the thread of the story, serves, in general, as a very appropriate prelude to the contents of the following book; and, though those chapters bear little relation to the main body of the history, some useful moral instruction never fails to be conveyed in these essays. In the greater part of novels, the two or three first chapters usually form a tedious insipid narrative, as an introduction to the work; and the reader is under the necessity of turning over eight or ten pages ere he is introduced to any of the *dramatis personæ*, or can form any conception of the author's drift: whereas Mr. Fielding, in his first chapter, though a very short one, explains his design to his readers; and, in a witty allusion, compares his book to an entertainment where he presides as cook, and of this banquet his readers are heartily invited to partake. May I be permitted to add, that few of those who received this card of invitation, and are endowed with a nice literary taste, would wish to absent themselves from the feast; or that none of those who have partaken of the banquet ever expressed the smallest dissatisfaction at the ingenious cookery set before him; which, though consisting but of one species of provision—human nature—is, never-

theleſs, offered to our view in ſuch a variety of cookery, that ſome part at leaſt of the entertainment muſt ſuit the taſte of every gueſt: and here give me leave to remark on the univerſal inſight which this writer poſſeſſed into the various manners of the ſeveral ranks and orders in ſociety: the modes and cuſtoms of the inferior orders of mankind are moſt admirably delineated, in the ſeveral different characters to be met with throughout the twelve firſt books of this hiſtory, as will be more particularly touched upon hereafter; whilſt, in the five ſucceeding books, we are introduced to the regions of the more poliſhed circles; which, as Mr. Fielding juſtly remarks, afford but little ſcope for an author to exerciſe a talent for humour. Yet, even in theſe more ſolemn paths, the writer has contrived never to let the ſubject take that inſipid turn, ſo frequently to be obſerved in the works of thoſe noveliſts who attempt a deſcription of high life.

The ſecond chapter introduces to us Mr. Allworthy's ſiſter, miſs Bridget. The account given by the author of the former of theſe perſonages cannot but inſpire his readers with a wiſh to become further acquainted with his exalted character. Much genuine wit and true humour is diſplayed on the appearance of miſs Bridget Allworthy.

The accidental diſcovery of the foundling, by Mr. Allworthy, forms the ſubject of the third chapter; in which the benevolence that warms the breaſt of this philanthropic character intereſts the feelings of every tender and ſympathetic heart. The gravity of this ſcene is enlivened by many ſtrokes of true humour, in the obſervations of Mrs. Deborah Wilkins.

In the fourth chapter, we have a deſcription of Mr. Allworthy's houſe, with an eulogium upon the benevolence of his diſpoſition, and an exemplification of this virtue, in a ſubſequent diſcourſe between this good man and his ſiſter, when he determines to provide for the child.

The behaviour of Mrs. Deborah, in the fifth chapter, cautious to hear the opinion of her miſtreſs before ſhe ventures to deliver her own, exhibits a lively portrait of a lady's woman, and is managed with infinite humour.

The haughty demeanour of the waiting-woman, when ſhe proceeded in ſearch of the mother of the foundling, the voluntary confeſſion of Jenny Jones, and the pert airs and aſſumed conſequence of Mrs. Wilkins, form the ſubject of the ſixth chapter.

Mr. Allworthy's lecture to Jenny Jones, in the ſeventh chapter, beſpeaks the goodneſs of the author's diſpoſition, and the ſoundneſs of his underſtanding: indeed no one could have ſucceeded in depicting the character which our author has ſupported with ſuch juſtice and ſpirit throughout the whole novel, but he who had himſelf a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindneſs, and whoſe feelings were in uniſon with the picture he drew. Nor could any one, not gifted with the ſplendid abilities of a Fielding, have brought forward theſe excellent endowments in ſo captivating a light to his readers. The character of Mr. Allworthy is ſupported throughout the whole novel with the moſt uniform propriety; and, if ſuch a man had ever exiſted in real life, his example, and the exerciſe of his practical virtues, muſt have attracted the love and veneration of all around him. Mr. Allen (the patron of Mr. Pope) is ſuppoſed to have ſat for this picture.

The liſtening of miſs Bridget and Mrs. Wilkins at the keyhole in

Mr. Allworthy's ſtudy-door; the ſmile of miſs Bridget, 'ſweet as the breeze of Boreas in the pleaſant month of November;' the exclamation of the two ladies againſt beauties, and the prudent demeanour of the waiting-woman, in artfully collecting the opinion of her miſtreſs before ſhe ventures to declare her own; form the ſubject of the eighth chapter; which abounds throughout with ſo much humour, that the reader muſt be of a very moroſe and ſaturnine diſpoſition, or of a very barren underſtanding, who does not feel himſelf inclined to give a looſe to mirth on the occaſion.

The ſatirical reflexions vented by the mob againſt Jenny Jones, after her return from Mr. Allworthy's, and the quick tranſition of their malice againſt Mr. Allworthy himſelf, are in ſtrict conformity to the behaviour of the lower orders of ſociety in real life, and are a plain demonſtration that the author in this, as on every other occaſion throughout the work, has adhered to the declaration he ſet out with; namely, to cook up the ſingle diſh he had offered to his readers ('human nature') ſo as to ſuit the palate of all his numerous gueſts.

The panegyric beſtowed on Mr. Allworthy, at the commencement of the tenth chapter, in the encouragement given by him to men of genius and erudition, as it reflects a diſtinguiſhed honour upon gentlemen of fortune of this deſcription, ſo is it a tacit rebuke on thoſe men of rank and eſtate who are ready, as Mr. Fielding expreſſes it, to beſtow meat, drink, and lodging, on men of wit and learning, on condition that ſuch perſons feed their patrons with entertainment, inſtruction, flattery and ſubſerviency. The remainder of this chapter, which introduces to our notice the character of the two Bliſils, abounds with true humour; and ſo likewiſe does the following chapter, where miſs Bridget's playing off the artillery of her charms on each of the brothers is, I believe, by no means a phænomenon in ſingle ladies, who, like her, are advanced to at leaſt the meridian of life. The artifice which the captain and the doctor formed to conceal their intrigues from the notice and obſervation of Mr. Allworthy, is another ſpecimen of our author's ſkill in the delineation of human nature.

The artful manner in which Dr. Bliſil conveys to Mr. Allworthy the firſt intimation of his brother's marriage with miſs Bridget; his extreme diſſimulation; the means he afterwards took of giving a different turn to the converſation between Mr. Allworthy and himſelf, when he repeated the ſame to his brother, ſaying—'I promiſe you I paid you off, which I knew I might ſafely do, after the declaration he had made in your favour:'—theſe circumſtances of duplicity, I ſay, in a great meaſure alleviate the concern we ſhould otherwiſe feel, when we are told that the hard-hearted villain, his brother, procures the doctor's diſmiſſion from Mr. Allworthy's, and he dies of a broken heart. The reflexions upon this behaviour in the captain, which Mr. Fielding aſcribes to envy, conclude the thirteenth chapter of the firſt book of the hiſtory.

I am, dear niece,

Your affectionate uncle, &c.

LETTER II.

DEAR NIECE,

THE introductory chapters in the front of each book of the 'Hiſtory of Tom Jones,' have always appeared to me among the moſt inſtructive, and by no means the leaſt entertaining, parts of the work. Viewing them

in the light of detached essays, perhaps there are few serious writers who have inculcated such instructive lessons of morality as Mr. Fielding, in these introductory chapters: indeed the whole novel teems with instruction, as well as entertainment; and there is scarcely a page wherein the young reader is not encouraged in the pursuit of some virtue, or instructed how to shun a temptation which might lead him into the paths of vice and folly. To run over the pages of this history, as the general class of novels are perused, in a desultory manner, and solely in the view of passing away a few idle hours, would be a sorry compliment paid to the ingenious author. But even when taken up in the way of amusement only, no author, in our own or any other language (at least none that I have ever perused), can boast such a pleasing diversity of incidents, and such an assemblage of various and dissimilar characters, as are to be met with in the work under consideration. But if studied, as it deserves, with attention, this novel of 'Tom Jones' will be found to teem throughout with the justest reflexions upon men and manners; and few of the moral evils of life but may be avoided, by listening attentively to the counsel of these instructive pages. As a proof of the justice of my assertion in support of this my favourite author, and of his superiority over all other writers of this class, let the works of our best novelists—I speak not of the numerous herd of novels which are a disgrace to the literature of the present age, but of the works of men of the first literary talents;—let these publications, I say, be compared with those of Mr. Fielding, and I doubt not but every reader of taste will pronounce in favour of our author. The introductory chapters, as I have before observed, exhibit lessons of morality and virtue; and as every part of this delightful history is marked with the most lively flashes of true and genuine humour, so in these prolegomena, at the head of each book, whilst the author inculcates lessons of morality, he still maintains a smiling countenance. As it was formerly remarked of one of the greatest wits among the ancients, so it may be truly said of Mr. Fielding, that, whilst he lashes the vices of the age, he performs his office with so much gentleness and good manners, that the persons whom he reproves laugh at their own pictures, and take his corrosive in good part, whilst their fancy is tickled by the manner in which it is applied. These are rare talents, and which I scarce know to be applicable to any other writer.

Mr. Fielding's satirical reflexions on those historians who relate plain matter of fact, must be acknowledged applicable to most historical compilation. These kind of histories (as he observes in the introductory chapter under consideration) do very often resemble a news-paper, which consists of just the same number of words whether there be any news in it or not. The beauty of the simile, wherein he compares the registers of time to a state-lottery, will not be overlooked by you.

In the second chapter of this book is detailed a conversation which passed between Mr. Allworthy and captain Blifil, wherein the latter insidiously attempts to withdraw the good man's affection from the foundling, by quoting texts of Scripture in support of his arguments. The whole of this chapter, wherein Mr. Allworthy confutes the captain's position, merits the most attentive perusal; and the explanation there given of those texts, which have too frequently been quoted by designing men as a palliation of the most flagrant outrages, and often have a

wonderful effect on weak minds, who are perpetually mistaking that for a judgment which is only brought about through the natural concurrence of accidental events, will (if seriously perused) remove those ill-judged and censorious sarcasms, too often imputed to those who, through the indiscretion of their parents, and not from any false steps of their own, have the misfortune to be born out of wedlock.

The third chapter abounds in every section, nay in every line, with the most poignant strokes of wit and humour. The character of the schoolmaster and his wife are strongly delineated; and perhaps there never was sketched a more striking resemblance of a scolding wife, and of an easy pliant husband, than in this family-piece of Mr. and Mrs. Partridge.

The chit-chat between Mrs. Partridge and her gossiping neighbours in the chandler's shop, the introduction to this scene, and the subsequent game of fisty-cuffs between the husband and wife, form the chief contents of the fourth chapter, in which is displayed a vein of truly comic humour. The simile of the cat and mouse, and the eight succeeding sections, are particularly beautiful, and would excite risibility in the muscles of Heraclitus himself.

The long and laboured harangue of captain Blifil, on charity, in the fifth chapter; his endeavours to exclude every largess from the several meanings usually annexed to this virtue, together with Mr. Allworthy's reply, proclaim at once the designing, insidious views of the captain, whilst they form a fresh instance of Mr. Allworthy's benevolent disposition. No preface could have been more artfully imagined by Blifil—(in the introduction of the subject he wished the good man should be made acquainted with, namely, the story respecting Partridge, which he had learned through the canal of Mrs. Wilkins)—than the expedient he had fixed upon, of banishing the noble virtue of benevolence from the human breast; and, could he have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy to adopt these false notions of charity, his end would, most probably, have been attained; and the foundling would, probably, have been abandoned to his fate. Mr. Allworthy's discourse on charity is a specimen, among various other passages which I shall have occasion to point out to you hereafter, of the various perfections which met in the composition of our author; who, while he shines with unrivalled lustre in the description of comic scenes, shows himself equally possessed of those talents which constitute a good moral writer.

In the sixth chapter, we find Partridge, the schoolmaster, at the bar of Mr. Allworthy. The display of wit on this occasion is what the reader would seek for in vain in any other court of judicature. The observation in the third section is well worthy attention, and the evidence of Mrs. Partridge truly laughable. The non-appearance of Jenny Jones, when sent for to be present at the examination, is one of the many instances throughout the work of the nice connexion preserved between the several parts of this novel, and the relation each part bears to the whole. It will appear, by-and-by, how necessary it is to the thread of the story, that Jenny should now absent herself, as she will hereafter be found a very principal agent in the drama. The death of Mrs. Partridge seems to be another event necessary to the clue of the history, and is related in this chapter. The justice of the author's reasoning on the marriage-state, and the opprobrium with which he brands indifference between man and wife, is founded on an intimate

knowledge of the human heart, and ought to be a caution, for married folks of every deſcription, to ſhun this lamentable quickſand, otherwiſe they may live to experience that ſituation which Mr. Fielding declares to be the only one in the marriage-ſtate excluded from pleaſure, and which it ſeems fell to the lot of captain Blifil and his lady. The reflexions in the penultimate ſection of this chapter are worthy the author of the hiſtory; and a ſtrict adherence to the rules laid down by him in this place may, if properly attended to, form a cement to many friendſhips, which would otherwiſe be ſhipwrecked for lack of that overlooking diſpoſition which is here recommended.

The two following chapters, which conclude the ſecond book, relate to the ſudden deceaſe of captain Blifil; where the ſolemn deportment of the phyſicians, the lamentations of the widow, her decent behaviour on the occaſion, her continuance for a whole month under all the decorations of ſickneſs, the tranſition of her dreſs from weeds to black, from thence to grey, and from grey to white:—theſe ſeveral paſſages are managed with ſuch true humour, and in terms of wit ſo peculiar to our author, that if there are any readers who cannot reliſh the entertainment, theſe muſt be of a very ſaturnine complexion indeed. Nor ſhould the epitaph on the captain paſs unregarded, wherein is a juſt ſatire on the long-laboured panegyrics which are frequently inſcribed on marble, to perpetuate the memory of the moſt worthleſs characters in ſociety: and this brings to my recollection a paſſage in a book of travels, publiſhed ſome twenty years ſince, where the author ſays (ſpeaking of the Engliſh burial-ground at Liſbon)—'Here I ſaw long flattering inſcriptions to the memory of opulent Engliſh merchants, memorable only for their wealth; whilſt the immortal writer of "Tom Jones" lies interred without a ſtone to indicate, "Here lies Henry Fielding."'

The introductory chapter to the third book conveys the reader twelve years forwarder in the regiſter of time. In the third ſection of this chapter are contained ſeaſonable reflexions on mortality, directing the true uſe we ought to make of the diſpenſations of Providence, whenever it ſhall pleaſe him to call from us thoſe friends with whom we are connected by our natural conſanguinity or eſteem, illuſtrated in the conduct of Mr. Allworthy, on the event of captain Blifil's demiſe.

In the next ſection of this chapter is a very humorous deſcription of the behaviour of ſuch women, who mourn for their huſbands more through decency and form, than from any ſincere regard and eſteem for their memory.

The ſecond chapter of this book, which introduces to our notice Tom Jones, the hero of the piece, and his companion, maſter Blifil, with a ſketch of Mr. Weſtern's character, abounds throughout with poignant humour and lively ſtrokes of wit. The contraſt of the vicious diſpoſition of Tom Jones, oppoſed to the ſober virtuous habits of maſter Blifil, is managed with the moſt delicate irony. The entrance of Tom into 'ſquire Weſtern's manor, the firſt introduction of that gentleman in this hiſtory, the examination of Jones before Mr. Allworthy, the puniſhment inflicted by the rev. Mr. Thwackum, Mr. Allworthy's compunction for his ſevere treatment of the foundling on this account, and his preſent of a little horſe, as a kind of ſmart-money, are incidents very artfully brought forward; and lo, in truth, all of

them combine to illuſtrate ſundry other paſſages in the following part of this hiſtory.

Square and Thwackum, introduced at the third chapter of this book, perform each of them a diſtinguiſhed character among the *dramatis perſonæ* of this novel. The ruling principle which actuates the conduct of theſe gentlemen, forms a remarkable contraſt, in the diſcourſe and actions of each other; and the character of each of them opens upon the reader in the diſpute maintained between theſe extraordinary perſonages at Mr. Allworthy's table. Oppoſite as the opinions of theſe two men are drawn, and ſtrange as are the tenets of each,—the one a religioniſt without any traces of charity or ſocial virtue, and the other a philoſopher unbiaſſed by any religious principle,—the characters which Mr. Fielding has here drawn of them proclaim the hand of a maſter. Each of them throughout the whole piece preſerves that peculiar turn of ſentiment which the reader was taught to expect from him at his primary introduction. In the following chapter, the author declares his intention, on bringing theſe two extraordinary perſons on the ſtage, which, he ſays, was not done in the view of imputing an odium either on virtue or religion, which he truly ſtyles the greateſt perfections of human nature; but that it was with an eye to their ſervice that he had taken upon him to record the lives and actions of two of their falſe and pretended champions. Mr. Fielding's reaſoning on this ſubject, in the firſt, ſecond, third, fourth, and fifth ſections of this chapter, is worthy the heart from whence it flowed. The quarrel between maſter Blifil and Tom Jones, in the latter part of this chapter, gently unfolds the diſpoſition of the two lads; and the ruling principle of each, by which they were inſtigated to the ſupport of thoſe characters they are deſtined to play in the enſuing drama.

In the fifth chapter, the characters of the divine and the philoſopher are further illuſtrated, together with the motives by which theſe artful men were actuated, however diſſimilar their opinions might be on other occaſions, to favour and protect maſter Blifil, and to diſcountenance Tom Jones.

The ſixth chapter abounds throughout with ſtrokes of humour. The aim of both the divine and philoſopher upon the heart of the widow, and the affection which Mrs. Blifil ſhows towards Tom, are paſſages which ſerve not only to divert the reader's attention, and to lead him on by degrees towards the cataſtrophe of the piece, but to diſcover more fully the characters of Thwackum and of Square.

The advice given by Mr. Fielding to his young readers, in the ſeventh chapter, cannot fail to inſpire them with an emulation, not only that their ſentiments be intrinſically good and virtuous, but that they appear ſo to the world. This is one of thoſe chapters which ought to be read over and over, to impreſs on the young reader a neceſſity of regulating all his actions by prudence and circumſpection, emphatically ſtyled, by Mr. Fielding, guards to virtue, without which ſhe can never be ſafe. This novel abounds with moral apophthegms, artfully introduced; which, to thoſe who read with attention, will operate as a beacon to divert them from thoſe foibles, which the warm and ſanguine temperament of Jones was perpetually leading him into; and, though our hero afterwards recovered from thoſe falſe ſteps, which, from an over-heated imagination, he was induced to take, yet his devious

track ought never to be pursued by those who wish to preserve a fair character through life.

The eighth and ninth chapters abound with true attic salt. The sale of the little horse, and of the Bible, which were undertaken in order to raise money to satisfy the importunate wants of the game-keeper and his family, is related by Tom Jones to Mr. Allworthy in strains so pathetically conceived, that the perusal cannot fail to excite in every benevolent heart the like emotions which arose in that of the good man to whom the tender tale was addressed; and which is still heightened from the contrast exhibited in the opinions which Thwackum and Square think fit to deliver on this subject.

The different lights in which Tom Jones and Blifil are represented in the tenth chapter, cannot fail to interest the reader in favour of Tom, and to stir up an indignation against Blifil.

I am, dear niece,
Your affectionate uncle, &c.

(To be continued.)

The RENUNCIATION;

A TALE.

(By Miss E. Yeames.)

The castle of La Fontaine was situated on the Rhine: the entrances to it were defended by a ditch and draw-bridge, which gave admission to a spacious court, overgrown with high grass, and led to the grand hall from which the apartments of the castle appeared. These gloomy rooms, adorned with magnificent furniture, gave decided proof of their antiquity, and filled the mind with sensations of solemn awe, when viewing the fallen grandeur of departed opulence. The battlements and turrets appeared proudly to overlook the Rhine, seeming to bid defiance to the ravages of time and the fury of the storm; while the hanging woods, of fir and pine, veiled its rugged walls from common observation.

Within the castle bloomed the beauteous and fair Antoinette, who was a pattern of female softness, delicacy, and goodness: love had not yet entered her youthful breast, and she knew no blessing so great as that of her father's tenderness, and her sister Clara's friendship and esteem: sorrow had never held but a momentary hold on her heart, and the keenest anguish she had ever felt seized her on the death of monsieur La Fontaine, her only surviving parent.

Antoinette sought relief in never-ceasing tears. On the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, with all the enthusiasm of grief, she would mourn her parent lost; and, from that moment, took no delight in her former sports, or her sister Clara's friendship. Happily a change soon appeared: her tears no longer flowed; for, while she gazed on the successor to her father's domains in silent admiration, the wounds her breast had received gradually healed, and a thousand delicious sensations swelled her tender heart.

The count d'Arville was very young, beautiful, tall, graceful, and engaging: he had not yet disposed of his heart, and thought Clara and Antoinette two very amiable and beautiful women. The sprightliness of the former charmed him, and the artless beauty of the latter called forth all his admiration; but he had not yet decided to which to give his heart.

Antoinette's returning gaiety delighted the amiable Clara, who lived but in the happiness of her sister;

and to fee her fmile was the higheft gratification fhe derived, the company of the count excepted. D'Arville's ftay at the caftle far exceeded the time he had at firft propofed; yet he knew not how to tear himfelf from the enjoyment of the company of thefe amiable ladies. Diffatisfied with himfelf for not knowing his own heart, and quickly deciding which of the two held him in chains, he at length prepared to probe the wound he had received; and, after mature examination, found that the bright eyes of Clara had fo inftantaneoufly pierced him. With this conviction, he one day fought his enflaver, and opened to her the fecret of his heart. Clara blufhed; and, with liberal candour, confeffed a fimilar attachment. The count appeared in raptures, and the heart of Clara throbbed with the livelieft joy. To the fifter of her affections fhe prepared to communicate her happinefs: but what was her emotion on beholding Antoinette's countenance change from a burning blufh to an afhy palenefs; and, being repulfed with coolnefs, the next moment to find her lifelefs in her arms. Clara's agony was extreme; and, till her fifter's eyes unclofed, fhe did not venture to breathe; and when they did, fhe gave a vent to her fuppreffed tears. Antoinette did not attempt to interrupt them, but fat by her fide, mournfully gazing at the caftle, ever and anon heaving a deep-drawn figh. Clara at length recovered from her emotion; and, taking a hand of Antoinette, with an affectionate preffure, afked if fhe found herfelf better. Her fifter fpoke, but the inquiry remained unanfwered.

'Succefs and welfare attend you, with the object of your affections; and may you, my fweet Clara,' faid fhe, 'never know a moment's forrow, poffeffed of him.'

Clara appeared more and more furprifed. Antoinette, after a ftruggle with her feelings, thus continued:

'Go, leave me now, fifter, fince I am quite well. Seek the count d'Arville: he, no doubt, miffes your long abfence from the caftle—farewell, happy Clara.'

Her fifter looked back with a lingering anxiety, at a lofs what to underftand by her behaviour; and, when out of Antoinette's fight, again burft into tears.

Meanwhile the count d'Arville was buried in revolving the paft, and dwelling on the hopes the beauteous Clara had given him, till the appearance of the object of his thoughts interrupted them. He ftarted when he faw her, and became alarmed at her pale, melancholy countenance.

'Does my adorable Clara already repent of the half promife fhe has given me?' afked he.—'Ah! if fo, I am very wretched indeed.'

Clara blufhed at the retort; and, in a faint voice, affured him, fhe did not as yet repent. The count's uneafinefs, at her reply, immediately vanifhed. But, when he heard of Antoinette's indifpofition, he again became dejected; and, taking leave of Clara, he went in fearch of the fair invalid. He found her, apparently difcompofed, fitting in an arbour in the garden, where Clara had left her. At fight of him fhe would have retired, but he prevented her retreat by catching her hand; at the fame time he exclaimed—

'O, Antoinette! do not quit me!'

'What would you, fir?' afked fhe.

'Your prefence, a few moments,' returned d'Arville; and Antoinette refumed her feat. Some minutes paffed without either fpeaking. Antoinette at length broke the paufe, by fuddenly exclaiming:

'I congratulate you, count d'Arville. I have unfortunately broke in upon your happineſs, and interrupted the joy this day ought to wear throughout the caſtle. You muſt pardon me, and ——'

'Good heavens, Antoinette! would you apologiſe for your indiſpoſition? I ſhould be ſelfiſh indeed, if that were by me thought untimely; or ——'

Here a ſervant brought a letter to the count, which he found to be from his father, deſiring his immediate attendance home, to be preſent at the nuptials of his only ſiſter, mademoiſelle Palmira d'Arville; and the count, with mournful ſteps, went towards the caſtle with the beautiful Antoinette.

The next day d'Arville departed, and the following week the ladies removed from the caſtle to a convent in the neighbourhood. Here Antoinette had not long reſided before a high fever ſeized on her, and nearly reduced her to the yawning grave. Clara hung over the dying maid in an agony too great to be deſcribed; and, from her delirious ravings, learnt the fatal paſſion that had hitherto preyed upon her, and had now reduced her to ſuch a condition. Clara was divided between love and duty. Muſt ſhe give up d'Arville? had he not ſaid he lived but for her? ah! would he, if ſhe renounced him, marry Antoinette? he certainly would, ſhe thought; and, believing herſelf aſſured of this, ſhe determined never to wed the count.

'Live! live! my charming Antoinette!' ſhe cried, claſping her to her breaſt. 'Live, my ſiſter! my angel! d'Arville is yours, and yours only!'

Antoinette's hollow eye gleamed with the fire of tranſport; her pale cheeks were ſuffuſed with burning bluſhes; and the ſweeteſt ſmiles lighted up her heavenly countenance.

'Can it be?' ſhe cried: 'is it poſſible ſuch a bleſſing is in ſtore for me?—Ah, no!—Yet can you trifle with my feelings?—You can—you do. He loves the happier Clara: with his own lips he ſaid it; and, in that moment, I firſt knew I was the moſt wretched of women.'

'Then be ſo no longer, if d'Arville can make you otherwiſe, my Antoinette; for, indeed, indeed, I will give him up to you.'

'And can you make ſuch a ſacrifice?' aſked Antoinette.—'Ah! no, it muſt not be: I will not rob you of happineſs; for who ſo deſerving of it as my beauteous ſiſter?'

Clara tried every endeavour to overcome her ſiſter's objections, which at length proved effectual; and ſhe had the pleaſure of ſeeing Antoinette gradually recover health, from the hope ſhe ofttimes gave her of love being nearly extinguiſhed in her heart, and that ſhe could now behold d'Arville as her huſband without emotion.

In the meantime the count had ſeen his ſiſter Palmira's happineſs ratified by an union with the man of her choice; and, having taken an affectionate farewell of his father, who longed for the time when his ſon would bring his bride, ſet out from his château for the caſtle La Fontaine. As he journeyed towards it, his thoughts were conſtantly fixed on its miſtreſſes. His Clara's lively ſallies every moment rung in his ears: he dwelt upon her ſmiles with pleaſure, and wiſhed moſt ardently again to enjoy them. The image of Antoinette next preſented itſelf.

'What an angelic countenance!' thought he: 'what eyes! what a form!—but, oh! her voice how thrilling, how tranſporting?'

He felt a throbbing at his heart he had never experienced before, and for ſome time forgot there was a Clara in the world.

When he arrived at the convent, he was met by Clara; his joy was great at the ſight of her, but his eye ſought with a lingering anxiety for her ſiſter. Clara perceived it, and inſtantly told him of her fortunate eſcape from death. His countenance every moment changed while ſhe was talking.

'Thank Heaven, ſhe is well!' ejaculated he, when ſhe had finiſhed the account of her illneſs. 'Thank Heaven ſhe is well!'

'Shall I bring her to you?' aſked Clara, withdrawing her penetrating eye.

'Ah!—will you indeed?—Can you?—ah, you know not—'

He ſtopt, conſcious of what he was uttering; and Clara, with a ſmile, left the convent parlour.

In a few minutes ſhe returned, leading the beauteous invalid; d'Arville ruſhed forward to meet her; and Antoinette, burſting into a flood of tears, hid her head in the boſom of Clara.

'Ah, Antoinette!' cried the count, 'how altered ſince I laſt ſaw you. To what danger have you not been expoſed?'

'Ah, if I had loſt you, then indeed the world would have been loſt to me!'

He ſunk at her feet, ſeizing her hand, and imprinting on it countleſs burning kiſſes. A thouſand bluſhes crowded over her face: ſhe ſighed; ſhe wept; but did not withdraw her hand.—Clara's heart expanded with joy.—She joined their hands.

'I ſee how it is,' ſhe cried: 'ye love each other, and thus let me unite two grateful hearts.'

A few months after, d'Arville and Antoinette were married; and, as the happieſt of men, the count never ceaſed to bleſs Clara's GENEROUS RENUNCIATION.

Yarmouth, Dec. 11, 1802.

On the DESIRE *of* RICHES.

As the love of money has been in all ages one of the paſſions that have given great diſturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiouſly treated by the ancient moraliſts than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. Thoſe who are acquainted with theſe authors, need not be told how riches incite pity, contempt, or reproach, whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large poſſeſſions is illuſtrated, and how all the powers of reaſon and eloquence have been exhauſted, in endeavours to eradicate a deſire which ſeems to have rooted itſelf too ſtrongly in the mind to be driven out; and which, perhaps, had not loſt its power even over thoſe who declaimed againſt it; but would have broken out in the poet or the ſage, had it been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been, indeed, ſo unſucceſsful, that it is doubtful whether it can be ſhown, that, by all the wit and reaſon which this favourite cauſe has called forth, a ſingle convert was ever made; that even one man has refuſed to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happineſs of a narrow fortune; or diſburthened himſelf of wealth, when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leiſure and ſecurity of a mean and unenvied ſtate.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted of by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be, perhaps, seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others. They are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest; but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity: but even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher; for they have commonly only quitted that only which they found themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves, in the closest retreat, from disappointment, solicitude, and misery.

Yet, though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for, since far the greater part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences before them, those writers cannot be thought ill-employed who have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by showing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne; that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur, is, for the most part, less than it seems; and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages, and much less splendor, when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to show that she imposes upon the careless eye, by a quick succession of shadows which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that, when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the supplicant.

It may be remarked, that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes, and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow; or that those who glitter in dignity, or glide along in affluence, can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is confined only because others have shown its folly and its falsehood; because it has been opposed in its progress by history

and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must, at least, have made the lower condition less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention, which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction, that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited by some violent impulse or passion to pursue riches as the chief end of his being, must, surely, be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil; and to examine whether he rushes to wealth through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardour, and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase, which, if we suppose it put to the best use by those who possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain, that, with regard to corporeal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure, nor block up the passages to anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury, or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery, or laying diligence asleep, confirm error, and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has not been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When, therefore, the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without leisure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced, that, if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude, or desired with eagerness.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

THE opera boxes have lately afforded a display of all that was most splendid and fashionable in Paris. *Toque* caps; dresses of hair and velvet; dresses of gold-lace and hair, in plaits; dresses, in which the hair flowed at its natural length, were then the most conspicuous. The quantity of ring and screw curls is diminished. Many wear

Engraved for the Ladies Magazine Feb.y 1803.

Hutton Sc. Russell Ct.

PARIS DRESS.

their hair quite short. Both men and women have all the hair but that on the neck, first combed forward, and then brushed up on the head. Some of the *toque* caps are of black velvet, with steel spangles. Some wear fillets of gold wire, which enclose the whole hair, except only a small part on the forehead. These fillets end in small egg-like sphericles of gold. The fashionable *toque* caps have, for the most part, one or two white feathers on them, nearly in a perpendicular position. The satin hats and *capotes* are turned up in front. Their colours are white, orange, or rose. The brim is, in some instances, broad on the right side, but abruptly shortened on the brow and over the left cheek. Every sort of head-dress hides the hair on the neck, and exhibits screw curls over the brow. At the sides, the hair is sometimes in love-locks, sometimes in spiral curls, sometimes concealed entirely. Small laced bonnets are chiefly worn in undress; they are of a single piece; and there is sometimes an handkerchief over the bonnet. Veils are not much worn. Where worn, they are very much concealed. The *esprit-egrets* are much less frequent than smooth flat feathers. Amaranth and Turkish red are the favourite colours for the tunics.

Short tunics, styled *à-la-Juive,* are much worn, edged with a broad lace: they are of white satin, or of black velvet. Spencers begin to become rare among the more elegant classes; those which are still seen are black, or dark brown. The cloth shawls are for the most part scarlet. *Toques* are more worn than ever: they have three or four folds above the forehead, and are ornamented with a flat feather: they, as well as the hats, are commonly of rose, orange, or flesh-coloured velvet. Hats of white satin are in vogue. Flowers are laid aside as ornaments of the head-dress; but foliage and flowers are employed more than ever in the embellishing of the robes, which, in full-dress, exhibit festoons of vine and oak leaves, and small roses.

Since the cold has set in, the hair is less shown; and the turbans are made closer than usual, and almost constantly of velvet. Square cloth shawls are, from the same cause, generally worn to the exclusion of the Turkish shawls.

Most of the young men, even in full-dress, and without powder, wear the hair cropped. A black feather is worn in the hat. The hat, itself, is a French hat, not subject to close under the pressure of the arm. The shirts have round plaits on the breast and sleeves.

The public balls are quite deserted; private balls are exceedingly numerous. At the mask balls, dominos are chiefly worn.

The fashion of dressing the head in hair only, begins to cease. White satin turbans, in some instances silvered, are very generally worn. The *toque* caps now fashionable, are Polonese, of white or rose-coloured satin, high and flat, edged with fur, swan's-down, or white crape. A sort of round cap, suiting the form of the head, but somewhat larger, and of white or rose-coloured satin, is much worn. White and rose are the colours universally preferred by high and low. Edgings of swan's-down are still the most fashionable: some wear them even on their *capotes.* The brim of the *capote* is still turned up, which makes it to appear larger. Neither coloured feathers nor flowers are now worn. The hair on the forehead is still worn in ring-curls: the ringlets frequently hang on both sides of the ears. All shawls, but

those of Cashmire, are square, and are decorated with acorns, garlands, and four flowers of gold. They are generally of a flame-red colour, a purple, or an amaranth.

Men of fashion now wear great-coats of fine broad-cloth. The collar, and the doubling of the breast, are very small. Duffle great-coats have either a single large collar, or have five collars falling one over another.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full-Dresses.

SHORT robe of plain patent net or crape, embroidered with silver plate, in a manner which produces the same effect on both sides. The sleeves short and plain, are made of white lace, and finished with a bracelet. The train is of white satin, embroidered round the bottom with silver. White shoes. Tiara ornament in the hair, and bracelets on the arms.

Dress of pink crape or patent net, embroidered with gold plate, in the same manner as in the preceding. The drapery finished in a point on the left side, and fastened to the dress with gold cord and tassels. Very full sleeves of pink crape, the same as the dress. The front made plain and very low, with a lace tucker drawn full round the bosom. A white satin petticoat, embroidered round the bottom with gold.

Round-dress, with a long train of Egyptian earth colour, trimmed with gold fringe; short sleeves and handkerchief of white crape, trimmed with net.

A swan's-down tippet, falling very low.

A Niobe turban of velvet and gold ornaments, with amaryllis of gold in front.

Shoes, gloves, and ridicule, of flesh-colour. Diamond ear-rings and necklace.

Promenade-Dresses.

Round-dress of cambric muslin. Spencer cloak of black velvet, trimmed all round with broad lace. Black velvet bonnet, ornamented with black feathers. Bear muff.

Round-dress of white muslin trimmed round the bottom with a coloured border. Long sleeves made across, and confined with two bracelets. Long veil of lace, or patent net, twisted round the head, the ends falling on each side. A gold comb on the top of the head. Bear muff.

Robe of white satin, open in front, and laced with green velvet. Spencer of green velvet, with sleeves *à-la-Mameluke*, trimmed with swan's-down.

Spanish hat of green velvet, trimmed with white, decorated with an ostrich-feather, inclining over the right shoulder.

Ear-rings and necklace in the oriental style, of gold; with a locket-watch pendant to a gold chain. White muff and gloves. Shoes of green velvet.

Head-Dress.

A small round turban of white crape, trimmed round the front with gold. A white ostrich-feather placed behind, so as to fall over the left side.

General Observations.

The prevailing colours are puce, coquelicot, green, and amber. Pélisses of velvet or kerseymere are universal. Dresses are made very low in the back; and the lace which trims the bosom, instead of forming a frill, is drawn up close as a tucker. The sleeves are made quite plain, or very full; the plain ones consist of alternate stripes of lace and muslin.

Feathers are generally worn, chiefly ostrich. Beaver hats and bonnets have, for the present, superseded those of velvet.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

PART II *.

(Continued from p. 37.)

LETTER II.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

NOTHING more facilitates the ſtudy of the works of nature than a regular diſtribution and claſſification of them. When we attempt to arrange the different ſpecies of birds, the firſt diſtinction which offers itſelf, is the diviſion into land- and water-fowl, diſtinguiſhable by their legs and toes. The toes of land-birds are divided without any membrane or web between them, and their legs and feet formed for the purpoſes of running, graſping, or climbing; while the legs and feet of water-fowl are adapted to wading in the water, or ſwimming on its ſurface. But this diſtinction alone is far from ſufficient for the arrangement of ſo numerous a race of animals; the number of ſpecies of birds amounting to above a thouſand, and the catalogue, by the reſearches of the curious, being daily increaſing.

Linnæus, whoſe name is indiſputably entitled to the firſt place among thoſe who have attempted to form ſyſtematic arrangements of the works of nature, divides all birds into ſix claſſes or *orders: viz.*

I. ACCIPITRES, or the *Rapacious kind*, containing four genera.

II. PICÆ, or the *Pie kind*—23 genera.

III. ANSERES, or the *Gooſe kind*—13 genera.

IV. GRALLÆ, or the *Long-legged* or *Crane kind*—20 genera.

V. GALLINÆ, or the *Poultry kind*—10 genera.

VI. PASSERES, or the *Sparrow kind*—17 genera.

Mr. Pennant, in a ſyſtem of ornithology, which is perhaps one of the neateſt that has appeared, publiſhed in 1781, diſtinguiſhes birds into two *Diviſions*—Land-birds and Water-fowl.

The firſt *Diviſion* comprehends ſix *Orders*. Theſe are:

I. The RAPACIOUS—3 genera.

II. The PIES—26 genera.

III. The GALLINACEOUS—10 genera.

IV. The COLUMBINE—1 genus—the Pigeon.

V. The PASSERINE — 16 genera.

VI. The STRUTHIOUS—2 genera—the Dodo and the Oſtrich.

The ſecond *Diviſion* comprehends three *Orders*:

VII. The CLOVEN-FOOTED—17 genera.

VIII. The PINNATED-FEET—3 genera.

IX. The WEB-FOOTED—17 genera.

The genera contained in both theſe ſyſtems are ſubdivided into a very great number of ſpecies, which it is not my intention to enumerate in theſe letters with a dull recital of merely their diſtinctive marks. The number is beſides much too great; the ſpecies of birds being at leaſt ten times as numerous as thoſe of quadrupeds, and ſubject to endleſs varieties. In the account I propoſe to give, I ſhall ſelect ſuch ſpecies as are moſt remarkable, and refer them in general to the Linnæan ſyſtem; though I ſhall not ſcruple occaſionally to depart from an arrangement which claſſes the

* This *Second Part* of the *Moral Zoologiſt*, which treats of *Birds*, *not* being written by Miſs MURRY, the author of the former part, (continued through the laſt three volumes of the Lady's Magazine) we comply with her requeſt in thus announcing to our readers—that, though the title and aſſumed name are ſtill retained, the *Moral Zoologiſt* is now continued by another hand.

humming-bird with the raven, and the rail with the ostrich.

In my next, I shall begin with the first *Order*, or that of the *Rapacious birds*.

With the sincerest wishes for your ladyship's welfare and happiness, I remain your affectionate friend,

EUGENIA.

LETTER III.

From the same to the same.

THE characters of the order of *Accipitres*, or *Rapacious* birds, are—the *bill* somewhat curved: the *upper mandible* dilated on both sides behind the lip, and armed with a half-tooth: the *nostrils* wide: the *feet* close seated, short, robust: the *toes* warty under the joints, with nails bent, and very sharp: the head and neck muscular: the *skin* adhesive. Their food is the rapine and carnage of carcasses: their nests are placed in lofty situations: their *eggs* are about four in number*: the female is the larger: they are monogamous, or pair.

Buffon remarks, that those birds of prey which subsist on flesh, and wage perpetual war against the other winged tribes, are much less numerous, comparatively, than the ravenous quadrupeds; and that, in fact, there is only a fifteenth part of the birds carnivorous, while, of the quadrupeds, more than a third come under that designation.

It is a singular property, common to all birds of prey, that the female is stronger, and one-third larger, than the male, which is exactly the reverse to what obtains in quadrupeds, and even in other birds. Yet in this we may, perhaps, perceive the wisdom of that Providence, which 'hears the young ravens, when they cry, and gives them their food in due season.' The female, among rapacious birds, has entirely the care of the brood, and is therefore endued with greater strength to enable her to provide for them.

All birds of prey fly high; their wings and legs are strong; their sight piercing. They are in general not so prolific as other birds. In birds, as in quadrupeds, the general law obtains, that the multiplication is inversely as the bulk: though to this rule there appear to be some exceptions. Almost all birds of prey are unsociable. Formed only for war, they lead a life of solitude and rapacity. They choose their habitations in unfrequented places and desert mountains. They make their nests in the clefts of the rock, or on the tops of lofty and inaccessible trees. Thence they make their excursions in quest of prey, and compel the lesser birds to seek safety by flight or concealment. But to prevent the smaller tribes of the feathered race from suffering the destruction to which they would be liable, were all the weaker species to be the prey of all the stronger, indiscriminately, it has been wisely ordered by the great Author of Nature, that every class of birds of prey attack only such other birds as are in size next inferior to themselves. The eagle flies at the bustard or the pheasant, while the sparrow-hawk pursues the thrush and the linnet; and all the species which are the prey of these birds of rapine, have various resources by which they endeavour, and very frequently effect their escape.

The fierceness of this class of animals appears to extend in some measure even to their young, which

* M. Buffon observes—'It is strange that Linnæus should assert that birds of prey lay about four eggs; for there are some, such as the common and sea-eagles, which have only two, and others, as the kestrel and merlin, that have seven.'

they force from the neſt ſooner than birds of a gentler kind. Other birds do not abandon their young till they are able completely to provide for themſelves; but the rapacious kinds expel them from the neſt while they ſtill need, in ſome degree, their protection and ſupport. This proceeds from the great difficulty they ſometimes find in procuring food; and the great ſacrifices they have made, and hunger they have endured, while, to ſupport their offspring, they have almoſt famiſhed themſelves.

Of the *Accipitres,* or birds of the *Rapacious* kind, Linnæus enumerates four genera—the Vulture, the Falcon, the Owl, the Butcher-bird or Shrike. Mr. Pennant includes in this order only the Vulture, the Falcon, the Owl; referring the Shrikes to the ſecond order, or that of *Pies*.

The eagles are referred by Linnæus to the genus of the falcon. I ſhall, however, treat of them by the name by which they are commonly known, and begin with them, ſince the eagle has ſo long borne the title of the *King of Birds*.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

This bird is the largeſt of the eagle kind. The female meaſures, from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the feet, more than three feet and a half; the wings, when expanded, extend above eight feet, and it weighs from ſixteen to eighteen pounds. The male is ſmaller, and does not weigh more than twelve. The bill is very ſtrong, and reſembles blueiſh horn: the eyes are large, but ſunk in a deep cavity, and covered by the projection of the ſuperior part of the orbit: the iris is of a fine bright yellow, and ſparkles with dazzling fire.

This bird is the *Falco Chryſaëtos* of Linnæus. The ſpecific characters, as given by him, are: 'The cere* is yellowiſh; the feet woolly and ruſty-coloured; the body of a duſky, variegated, ferruginous colour; the tail black, with a waved cinereous baſe.' He adds, that its feet are clothed with feathers as far as the nails; that in fine weather it ſoars into the higher regions of the air; but when a ſtorm impends, hovers near the earth.

The eagle, in ſeveral reſpects, reſembles the lion. Both are poſſeſſed of great ſtrength, and exerciſe an undiſputed ſovereignty over their fellows of the foreſt. Equally magnanimous, they diſdain the more ignoble animals, and only purſue ſuch as are more worthy their conqueſt. It is not till after having been long teaſed and provoked by the cries of the rook or the magpie, that this generous bird will attack the contemptible intruders. Nor will the eagle ſhare the plunder of another bird, or ſatiate himſelf with prey that he has not himſelf taken. He never deſcends to feed on carrion, how hungry ſoever he may be; nor will he return to the carcaſe he has himſelf made his prey, after being once ſatiated; but leaves it to animals more ravenous and leſs delicate. Like the lion, he remains ſolitary in the midſt of the deſert; for it is as rare to ſee two pair of eagles on the ſame mountain, as two lions in the ſame foreſt. This inſtinctive love of ſolitude ſeems, indeed, to have been implanted in rapacious animals of this bulk, by the great Diſpoſer of Nature, in order that they may find a more ample ſupply of prey. Both the eagle and the lion have ſparkling eyes, and nearly of the ſame colour. They are alike proud,

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* The naked ſkin which covers the baſe of the bill in ſome birds; ſo called from its reſembling wax.

fierce, and incapable of being easily tamed. Great patience and much art are requisite to tame an eagle; and even though taken young, and subjected and familiarised with the greatest attention and care, it is still a dangerous domestic, and will frequently turn its strength against its master. Authors inform us that the eagle was anciently used in the east for falconry; but this practice is now laid aside. He is too heavy to be carried on the hand without great fatigue, nor is he ever brought to be so tame or so gentle as to remove all fear of danger.

The eagle rises higher in the air than any of the winged race, and hence he was termed by the ancients the *Bird of Heaven*, and regarded in their mythology as the messenger of Jupiter. He can distinguish objects at an immense distance; but his scent is not equal to that of the vulture. He pursues his prey by his piercing sight; and when he has seized it, checks his flight, and places it on the ground, to make trial of its weight before he carries it off. Though his wings are vigorous, his legs are stiff, and therefore it is with difficulty that he is able to rise, especially when loaded. He bears away geese and cranes with ease, and will likewise carry off hares, lambs, and kids. When he seizes on fawns or calves, he immediately drains their blood, and then conveys the mangled bodies to his *eyry* or *airy*, which is the name usually given to his nest. One of these nests, found in the Peak in Derbyshire, has been thus described by Willughby—'It was made of great sticks, resting one end on the edge of a rock, the other on two birch-trees. Upon these was a layer of rushes, and over them a layer of heath, and upon the heath rushes again, upon which lay one young one, and an addle egg; and by them a lamb, a hare, and three heath-pouts. The nest was about two yards square, and had no hollow in it. The young eagle was of the shape of a gos-hawk, of almost the weight of a goose, rough-footed or feathered down to the foot, or having a white ring about the tail.'

Smith, in his 'History of Kerry,' relates, that a poor man, in that county, procured a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time, by clipping the wings, and retarding the flight of the young. It was fortunate, however, that the old eagles did not surprise the countryman while he was thus employed, as their resentment might have been dangerous; for it happened, in the same county, that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle, that had built in a small island in the lake of Killarney, and swam to the island for that purpose, while the old ones were away. He took the young out of the nest, and was preparing to swim back with the eaglets tied in a string; but, while he was yet up to the chin in the water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, dispatched him with their beaks and talons.

An instance is recorded, in Scotland, of two children being carried off by eagles: but, fortunately, they received no hurt by the way; and the eagles being pursued, the children were taken out of the nests unhurt, and restored to their affrighted parents.

The eggs of the eagle seldom exceed two at a time in the larger species, and not above three in the smallest. She sits on them, it is said, for thirty days; but often, even of

this ſmall number of eggs, a part is addled, and it is extremely rare to find three eaglets in the ſame neſt.

The plumage of the young eagles is not of ſo deep a caſt as in thoſe that have attained their full growth. At firſt it is white, then a faint yellow, and afterwards a bright copper-colour. Age, as well as gluttony, diſeaſe, and confinement, contributes to render them white. They will live, it is ſaid, above a century; and even at that period, according to ſome accounts, their death is not ſo much occaſioned by their great age as by their inability to take ſuſtenance, in conſequence of the bill growing ſo much curved as to become uſeleſs. It has, however, been obſerved, that eagles, when kept in confinement, occaſionally ſharpen their bill, the increaſe of which, for ſeveral years, is not to be diſcerned.

Theſe eagles feed upon every kind of fleſh, and even upon that of other eagles. When they cannot procure fleſh, they greedily devour bread, ſerpents, lizards, &c. When urged by hunger, they will fly upon and bite dogs or men, or any animal that comes within their reach. The eagle drinks ſeldom, and perhaps not at all when at perfect liberty; the blood of its prey being probably ſufficient to quench its thirſt.

The golden eagle inhabits Greece, the mountains of Bugey in France, thoſe of Sileſia in Germany, the foreſts in the neighbourhood of Dantzic, the ſummits of the Carpathian mountains, the Pyrenees, and ſome of the mountains of Ireland. It is alſo found in Aſia Minor, and in Perſia; for the figure of the eagle was the war-ſtandard of the Perſians, before it was that of the Romans. With the latter, this golden eagle *(aquila fulva)* was conſecrated to Jupiter. The accounts of travellers ſhow that it exiſts in Arabia, Mauritania, and in many other countries of Africa and Aſia, as far as Tartary; but it has not been diſcovered in Siberia, or in any other part of the north of Aſia. It is not found in North-America, though the common eagle is an inhabitant of that diviſion of the globe.

THE RING-TAIL EAGLE.

This ſpecies of eagle, which compriſes two varieties, the brown and the black eagle, is leſs generous than the golden eagle. It differs in ſize, both the varieties being ſmaller; in the colours, which are conſtant in the golden eagle but vary in the ring tail eagle; and in its cry, the golden eagle uttering frequently a doleful plaint, while the ring-tail eagle ſeldom ſcreams.

This bird is called by Linnæus *Falco Fulvus*. Its ſpecific characters, as given by him, are—'The cere yellow; the feet woolly and dull ruſt-coloured; and the tail marked with a white ring.'

The ſpecies of the ring-tailed eagle is more numerous and diffuſed than that of the golden eagle, the latter being found only in the warm and temperate climates of the old continent, while the former is frequent in colder countries, and in both continents, and inhabits France, Savoy, Switzerland, Germany, Poland, Scotland, and even North-America, on the bleak ſhores of Hudſon's-Bay.

THE ROUGH-FOOTED EAGLE.

This bird is alſo called the *Plaintive Eagle*, and the *Screaming Eagle*, from its continually uttering moans or lamenting cries. It is ſmaller and feebler than the other eagles. It meaſures, from the tip of the bill to the extremity of the feet, only two feet and a half, and its wings are proportionably ſhorter, and, when expanded, ſcarcely extend four feet. Its plumage is of a dirty brown, ſpotted on the thighs and wings with

white ſpots, and its neck is encircled with a white ring. Linnæus reckons it a variety of the *Falc Gallinarius*; becauſe it is ſmaller, and its wings more variegated. The ſpecific character is, that 'the cere and feet are yellow; the upper part of the body duſky; the lower tawny, with dun oval ſpots; the tail darkiſh and ringed.'

This ſpecies, though not numerous in any particular country, is ſcattered over almoſt the whole of the ancient continent. But it does not appear that it is found in America, though the bird called the Oronooko eagle bears ſome reſemblance to it in its plumage.

This rough-footed eagle is much more docile, and more eaſily tamed, than the other two ſpecies of eagles; and, were it ſufficiently courageous, it might be employed for the purpoſes of falconry, as it is lighter on the hand, and leſs dangerous to its maſter. But it is as cowardly as it is noiſy; and a well trained ſparrow-hawk will attack it, and prove the victor. The female, which in the eagle as in all other birds of prey, is larger than the male, and, while in a ſtate of nature, more bold and ſubtle, loſes much of its courage and ſagacity when deprived of its liberty.

It is remarkable that the eagle never goes in queſt of his prey but in company with his mate, except when the latter is confined to the care of her young. They are almoſt always ſeen together, or at a ſmall diſtance; and it is ſaid that one beats about and rouſes the prey, while the other, perched on a tree or a rock, watches it, and ſeizes it as it attempts to eſcape. They will frequently ſoar beyond the reach of the eye, though their cries may then ſtill be heard, reſembling the barking of a ſmall dog. Though the eagle is a voracious bird, it will live a long time without food. Buffon tells us, that he was aſſured, by a perſon of veracity, that an eagle, caught in a fox-trap, lived five whole weeks without the leaſt ſuſtenance, and did not appear to droop or be enfeebled till towards the laſt week; at the end of which it was killed, to end its lingering ſuffering.

All theſe ſpecies of eagles, in general, prefer deſert and mountainous tracts, and the interior country of the continent, becauſe iſlands are rarely ſo well ſtocked with animals. They ſometimes, indeed, make excurſions into iſlands, but do not take up their reſidence, or lay their eggs there. When travellers ſpeak of the neſts of eagles found on the ſea-ſhore, or in iſlands, they do not mean thoſe we have deſcribed, but the ſea-eagles and oſpreys, which feed on fiſh more than on land animals.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW HISTORICAL PLAY, *called* 'THE HERO OF THE NORTH,' *performed for the firſt Time at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane, on Saturday, Feb.* 19.

THE following were the characters, which were thus repreſented:

Guſtavus Vaſa, -	Mr. Pope.
Caſimir Rubenſki, -	Mr. Wroughton.
Carlowitz, - -	Mr. Raymond.
Ufo, - - -	Mr. De Camp.
Brennomar, - -	Mr. Caulfield.
Sigiſmund of Calmar,	Mr. Kelly.
Gabriel, - - -	Mr. Dowton.
Marcoff, - - -	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Iwan - - -	Mr. Sedgwick.
Vilitzki, - -	Mr. Fiſher.
Nydorf, - -	Mr. Grimaldi.
Baſilſtern, - -	Mr. Gibbons.
Princeſs Gunilda, -	Mrs. Young.
Santa Michelwina, -	Mrs. Harlowe.
Frederica Rubenſki, -	Mrs. Mountain.
Paulina, - -	Miſs Menage.
Alexa, - -	Mrs. Bland.
Ulrica, - -	Miſs Tyre.

Chorus of Warriors, Prieſts, and Miners.
Chorus of Nuns and Swediſh Matrons.

The hero of this piece is the celebrated Gustavus Vasa, whose name will for ever be held in veneration by his countrymen. After an unsuccessful attempt to assert his right to the crown of Sweden, in battle, Gustavus, in order to escape from the rage and stratagems of his triumphant enemy, has buried himself in impenetrable seclusion. The piece opens at this period; and the first scene represents the inside of a cottage belonging to Marcoff, a loyal miner, who resides in the province of Dalecarlia. Soon after, some travellers without doors beg to be sheltered from the severity of a snow-storm. They are admitted, and seem to be an aged peasant and his daughter. In a few minutes a shout is heard, and it appears that Carlowitz, the governor of the province, with a large retinue, is in pursuit of these humble travellers. Marcoff had listened to the anxious entreaties of the latter, and concealed them in a private closet. The governor at first suspects that Marcoff has concealed the fugitives, as they were traced through the snow to his cottage. He however deceives the governor, and sends him upon a false scent in pursuit of them. The fugitives prove to be Casimir Rubenski, a martial nobleman, in the interest of Gustavus, and his daughter, Frederica, of whom Gustavus is deeply enamoured. Marcoff is therefore highly delighted in finding that he has been instrumental in preserving the lives of those who are dear to his lawful prince. As, however, it would not have been safe for Casimir and his daughter to remain in the cottage, Marcoff leads them into the mines, to afford them a secure shelter: a stranger of a dignified demeanor, and apparently very unhappy, had previously obtained the same shelter. This stranger is soon discovered to be Gustavus, who, having reason to rely on the fidelity of the miners, reveals himself. They are all in his favour, and prepare to join with other friends, who, according to the tidings of Casimir, are ready to take the field again in support of their sovereign. It is necessary, however, in the first instance, that stratagem should be put in practice; and, as the governor is of an amorous disposition, and has made some gallant advances towards Alexa, the wife of Marcoff, she is counselled to pretend to make an assignation with the governor, who promises to send all his guards to a remote place, and to open the gate for her himself. While these matters are in train, Sigismund of Calmar, another noble chieftain, who is in the interest of Gustavus, and betrothed to the princess Gunilda, sister of the latter, pursues her in the habit of a pilgrim. The princess Gunilda is going to take the veil, by order of the usurping power in Sweden, and the awful ceremony is to be performed in the convent of St. Catharine's, on the day that Sigismund arrives at that place. By the assistance of Gabriel, the gardener of the convent, to whom the princess had shown great humanity during his sickness, the lovers are brought together, and the princess is conveyed out of the convent. They are, however, unfortunately intercepted by the guards of Carlowitz, and carried to the castle. Alexa attends her appointment with the governor; and while the latter is engaged in amorous parley with her before his castle, Marcoff and the martial miners steal into it, and a contest soon follows, in which the forces of Gustavus are victorious. Brennomar, an officer of the governor, determines to hold out to the last; and, having secured himself from the immediate pursuit of Gu[s-]

tavus, by raiſing the draw-bridge, which divides one part of the caſtle from the other, bids defiance to the latter. Guſtavus, after a vain exhortation to this man, orders his troops to ſcale the walls. At this moment Brennomar preſents the princeſs Gunilda, who is in his power, and threatens to kill her as ſoon as Guſtavus commences the aſſault. In this intereſting moment Guſtavus pauſes, and ſeems inclined to withdraw his forces, in order to preſerve his ſiſter. The princeſs, with the moſt heroic loyalty, fortifies the reſolution of her brother, and is on the point of being ſacrificed, when the governor is brought forward. Scorning to owe any advantage to the deſtruction of a helpleſs woman, the latter orders Brennomar to give up the princeſs. Guſtavus, ſtruck by this act of generoſity, offers to decide the conteſt ſingly with the governor, in order to avoid the deſtruction of the forces on both ſides, by a renewal of the battle. The governor is affected by this act of heroic condeſcenſion, and a ſenſe of loyalty impels him to fall on his knees, and acknowledge his rightful monarch. The piece then, of courſe, concludes, with the happineſs of the lovers, and the acceſſion of Guſtavus to the throne of Sweden.

The author of this piece is Mr. Dimond, jun., a ſon of Mr. Dimond who has long been reſpected for his theatrical ability, and the judgment and general propriety with which he has conducted himſelf as manager of the theatres at Bath and Briſtol.

Though we cannot ſpeak much of the dramatic ſtructure of the preſent piece, in point of originality, yet we may fairly ſay that it poſſeſſes ſtrong merit, in point of intereſt. The events are ſuſpended in ſuch a manner, as powerfully to arreſt the feelings. In fact, we may conſider this piece as a *dramatic paſticcio*. Some of the incidents may be traced in ‘ Richard Cœur de Lion,’ in ‘ The Siege of Belgrade,’ in ‘ Lodoiſka,’ in ‘ The Iron Cheſt,’ and even in ‘ Peeping Tom;’ for the manner in which Marcoff takes the money, which the governor is going to preſent to Alexa, is a counter-part of what happens between the amorous Mayor of Coventry, Tom, and pretty Maude.

However, with all the reſemblances, and all its imperfections, it is a piece very honourable to the talents of a young author. The ſentiments are ſometimes elevated and noble, the diction elegant and vigorous, and the imagery highly poetical.

The overture is of the martial kind—grand and impreſſive. The muſic, in general, is partly the compoſition of Mr. Kelly, and partly ſelected. It is very creditable to his talents, and what he has the merit of compoſing ſtands firmly in competition with what he has derived from other maſters.

The ſcenery is varied, beautiful, and magnificent. Among the moſt ſtriking, are Marcoff's cottage, the governor's caſtle, the interior of the caſtle, the convent, and the church, as well as the awful excavations of the mines.

On LOVE.

If you would know whether you love violently, examine the power which love and reaſon have over your heart: if reaſon be ſuperior, you do not love enough: if love be, you love ſomewhat too much: but, if their power be divided, you are in a condition to enjoy all the delights of the paſſion, and to be actuated only by reaſonable deſires.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

INKLE AND YARICO; A TALE.

RISE, feeling Muſe, and ſing the various ills [Avarice, flow:
Which from that baneful ſource, fell
Sing of a youth by bounteous Nature bleſs'd
With fair, engaging, prepoſſeſſing form;
In whoſe young breaſt no other paſſion reign'd
But love of gain, which led him to requite [tude.
The kindeſt deeds with black ingrati-
Studious of all the arts t' increaſe his wealth, [his age,
An affluent merchant liv'd. To bleſs
Heaven gave a ſon—the model of his father.
The anxious ſire, with all a parent's care, [reaſon,
Watch'd the firſt dawnings of his Inkle's
And turn'd the ſtream of juvenile affection
In Intereſt's ſordid channel.———
Scarce had five luſtres, with their influence bland, [cheek,
Matur'd the roſe that bloſſom'd on his
When, wiſhing to amaſs ſome yellow ore,
This avaricious youth reſolv'd to try
His fortune on the rough tempeſtuous ocean.
He ſail'd; when, lo! propitious breezes wafted
The gliding veſſel o'er the briny deep.
At length a ſtorm aroſe, which drove the bark
To ſeek for ſafety in a ſhelt'ring creek.
Inkle, attended by ſome boon companions, [food:
Quitted the ſhip, and went in queſt of
Nor far they had proceeded: when ſome Indians [form'd
Mark'd all their motions, and in ſecret
An ambuſcade to cut the party off.
Too well their plan ſucceeded: few eſcap'd [young Inkle.
The bloody ſcene; but with that few
In wild affright he ſought a gloomy foreſt, [gain'd
—Fear to his feet lent wings—until he
A ſpot remote, where thick embowering ſhades [fierce ray.
Form'd a retreat unpierc'd by Sol's
Breathleſs and faint, upon a graſſy hillock [that ſleep
He threw his weary limbs, and hop'd
Would drown his ſorrows in a ſhort oblivion; [deity
But hop'd in vain. The downy-pinion'd
Flies from the head where Care her vigils keeps, [lid.
And takes his ſtation on the tearleſs eye-
Not long he'd lain, when, lo! an Indian princeſs
Stepp'd from a neighb'ring thicket, and alarm'd him.
Her almoſt naked form, her brown complexion, [rican,
And the wild graces of this South-Ame-
Surpris'd the youth. Nor leſs the gay attire,
The fair, engaging, European face,
Fill'd with delight the gazing negro-maiden.
Then, Yarico, thine unſuſpecting heart [Love!
Imbib'd that ſoft enchanting paſſion,
Awhile aſtoniſh'd ſtood the nymph and ſwain; [gard,
But ſoon ſurpriſe gave place to fond re-
And in endearments paſs'd the circling hours;
Still not unmindful of her lover's ſafety,
The anxious virgin led him to a cave,
Where choiceſt fruits were cull'd for his repaſt, [ſpring.
And water brought him from the cryſtal
Willing to make his hermitage delightful,
She beautify'd it with the ſkins of beaſts,
And party-colour'd plumes of beauteous birds,
Preſented to her by her former lovers.
When Phœbus (his diurnal journey ended)
Reclin'd his golden head on Thetis' lap:
When Evening, friend of lovers, duſky Evening,
Spread his brown mantle o'er the wide creation;

To unfrequented groves, and flowery
ſolitudes,
She led the youth to take his nightly reſt.
There nightingales with muſic charm'd
his ear,
And falls of water lull'd him to repoſe.
Sweet were his ſlumbers; for the tender
maiden [ing danger,
Watch'd round him to avert approach-
And lock'd her lover in her faithful
arms.
In ſcenes like theſe the lovers ſpent
their time, [own;
Until they learn'd a language of their
A tender dialect, unknown to ſchools.
He told her, if ſhe'd leave her native
country, [live
And go with him to Britain, ſhe ſhould
In ſplendor, ride in houſes drawn by
horſes,
And ſhine in purple robes of richeſt ſilk,
Such as his coſtly waiſtcoat was compos'd
of.
The enamour'd maid comply'd with
all his wiſhes;
Conſented to abandon parents, friends;
To leave her home, the ſcene of ſplendid
comforts; [lov'd.
And croſs the ocean with the man ſhe
Blame not, ye fair, her fond credulity;
Had ye been Yarico, you'd done the
ſame!
By him inſtructed, the obedient prin-
ceſs [main,
Travers'd the margin of the roaring
And 'ſpied at length a veſſel, made it
ſignals: [embark'd,
It ſtopp'd its courſe. The loving pair
And to Barbadoes plough'd the liquid
plain.
Too ſoon they reach'd that mart of
human traffic, [ſold;
Where captive negroes are like cattle
Doom'd to endure their haughty tyrant's
ſcourge, [galling yoke.
And wear, through life, dire Slavery's
All danger paſs'd, young Inkle rumi-
nated, [venture:
Revolv'd within his mind the late ad-
He view'd his loſs of time with deep re-
gret, [maiden.
And to repair that loſs he ſold the
Fain would my pen omit the ſhameful
fact,
And let it ſleep in everlaſting ſilence;
But truth forbids.—He ſold his Yarico—
His fond believing damſel—for a ſlave!
Words are too faint to expreſs in
proper language
The poignant pangs that wrung her
faithful heart,
When told of his intention: ſoon ſhe
found him;
And ſtrove to ſoften his obdurate nature,
With all the ſilent eloquence of tears;
But ſtrove in vain ——
'Unkind, ungrateful Inkle!' cried
the maiden, [heart?
'Why wilt thou break an ever-conſtant
Oh! think for thee I left the beſt of
homes, [remember
The kindeſt, tendereſt parents! Oh,
With what a fond affectionate anxiety
I did preſerve thee from my ſavage
countrymen! [love,
And can you thus requite my gen'rous
And wrong the maid who ventur'd all
for thee?
'Reflect upon the ſacred oaths you
ſwore!—
The vows of everlaſting love you made,
Within my native groves and palmy
ſhades!
'There is an awful Power that rules
on high, [roll,
Who bids the loud tremendous thunder
And launches from his arm the ſwift-
wing'd lightning:
(Oh, dread his vengeful bolt, and blaſt-
ing flaſh!)
He, who ne'er fails to puniſh perjur'd
lovers, [mine!
Will dreadfully avenge ſuch wrongs as
'But if theſe ſad complainings will
not ſoften [virtue,
Thy callous heart, and bring it back to
Yet let the infant, which I bear within
me,
Excite parental feelings in thy boſom.
Oh, ſpare thy helpleſs, unborn innocent!
Doom not thy little-one to certain woe!
Then ſhall the pretty cherub, with gay
ſmiles, [mother
Repay thy kindneſs, while its happy
Grows weary with invoking bleſſings on
thee.'
Unmov'd, unmelted by this ſoft ad-
dreſs, [planter—
He left the nymph abruptly—ſought the
(To whom he'd ſold this greatly-injur'd
victim)
Inform'd him of her pregnant ſituation,
And aſk'd advance of price; this end
obtain'd, [iſle,
Cheerful he ſail'd to Britain's ſea-girt
And left poor Yarico to pine in bondage.

JOHN WEBB.

Haverhill, January 29, 1803.

THE VIGIL OF ELVA.

(*From 'Poems by William Richardson, A. M. Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.'*)

I.

WEARY with the toils of war,
From his native valley far,
Underneath a secret shade,
By his wedded Elva laid,
With mail unclasp'd, his morrion lying near,
And leaning on a rock his massy spear,
Edwald all unconscious slept;
While Elva heav'd the tuneful sigh and wept.

II.

'Softly, very softly blow,
Gales the woody wild that sweep;
Gently, very gently flow,
Surges of the adjoining deep!
May no din, nor tumult rude,
On this lone recess intrude!
And now, beneath the moon-light ray,
The languid gale, slow panting, dies away;
With ebbing pause and hollow groan, [the wave
Murmurs expiring in a distant cave.

III.

'And now, while not a vagrant sound
Strays on hill or dale around,
Gentle sleep! on downy wing,
Thy opiate essences and balsams bring:
From thy plumes of dusky hue,
Softly shake the fragrant dew,
And to Edwald's ravish'd sense
Thy mildest influence dispense.

IV.

'Anon, with animated bloom,
In youthful glow let Fancy come:
And, bright with many an orient gem,
Let a blazing diadem
Press her auburn locks, that flow
O'er a bosom white as snow:
And let her gorgeous vesture, hemm'd with gold,
A thousand hues in mingling flow'rs unfold.

V.

'Oh! at this solemn, silent hour,
May she wave her rod of pow'r,
And to Edwald's mental eyes
Bid domestic scenes arise!
High let the castle's banner'd brow
In vision guard the furrow'd vale below;
Where in slow state to meet th' Hibernian deep,
Sabrina's mighty waters sweep.
Flowing from the Cambrian wire,
Let Music's melting voice conspire,
With Love's soft accent, while he seems,
Rapt in the transport of ecstatic dreams,
Again to tread, and, with endearment sweet,
His hospitable threshold greet.

VI.

'Oh! while around his thrilling knees,
The blooming pledges of our love he sees,
Gushing from the well-spring clear
Of pure affection, let the genuine tear
Quench the wild light'ning of his ardent eye,
And every vengeful wish within him die.

VII.

'Gentle dreams! with lenient charm,
Th' impatience of his soul disarm;
With kindly influence assuage
The tumult of vindictive rage;
Oh! let no form of injury intrude
On the soft calm of his forgiving mood;
But let him wake to peace of mind restor'd,
And sheath the fury of his fiery sword!'

AN ELEGY.

YE silent groves resound my last adieux,
Ye grottoes sacred to the sylvan Muse.
The town I seek, since here all joy is fled,
To soothe my anguish for Clarissa dead.

No more the shepherd's pipe delights the ear:
No more their songs dispel corroding care:
Alas, their notes of joy have swiftly fled!
Each swain laments the fair Clarissa dead.

The birds no more pour forth their am'rous tale;
But notes of anguish die upon the gale.
No flow'rs adorn the once enamel'd mead;
She who out bloom'd them all—Clarissa's dead.

The lambkins now forget their wanton sport;
No longer do they to the vale resort:
The opening rose reclin'd salutes its bed;
E'en savage beasts bewail Clarissa dead.

The soaring lark omits to hail the morn;
The blighting insects pest the rising corn;
And gloomy clouds the æther overspread—
All nature mourns the fair Clarissa dead.

Tooley-street, Southwark. J. S***H.

TO FANCY.

PROLIFIC Fancy, ftill attend,
Sweet wanton, airy fhade,
A care-worn mortal's wifh befriend,
Who courts thy potent aid.

Thy gentle magic, oh! impart,
That lulls the fenfe of grief;
That calms the reftlefs throbbing heart,
And brings the mind relief.

Be thine to whifper foothing peace;
Each anxious thought deftroy;
To bid conflicting paffions ceafe,
Or turn to fprings of joy.

Thy pow'r diftraction's felf beguiles;
Each opiate balm diftils:
By thee the wretch contented fmiles,
Nor feels the prefent ills.

'Twas thou, on Homer's darken'd light,
Could pour the vifual ray;
Could cheer his age and wafted fight,
And ope poetic day.

'Twas thou the wond'rous fong* in-fpir'd
That caught the infant gaze;
When rude untutor'd Greece admir'd,
And lifp'd the voice of praife.

'Twas thou the jafper gates unbarr'd,
When Milton's foul furvey'd
The dread Eternal's countlefs guard,
The feraph band array'd.

Lur'd on by thee, in youthful pride,
(Gay nature's vernal bloom)
We wanton blithe, on pleafure's tide,
Regardlefs of our doom.

How fweetly fteal the halcyon hours;
In vain each end we mifs;
Each foft ideal joy is our's,
If Fancy ftamps the blifs.

Oh! wrapt in fleecy clouds, defcend,
As falls the gentle dew;
Benignant, ftill my couch attend,
Aufpicious fprite, adieu.

SONGS *in the new Hiftorical Play of* 'THE HERO OF THE NORTH.'

AIR.—ALEXA.—(*Kelly*).

AH! fhould my love in fight be flain,
I ne'er could bear my woe,
This ftricken heart would burft with pain,
Yet no diftraction fhow.
This faithful eye no tear would fhed,
This lip betray no figh,
I fhould but hear my love was dead,
Juft blefs his name, and die.

Then fhould the trumpet wake thy zeal,
Dear youth, guard well thy life,
Though for thyfelf thou canft not feel,
Yet, oh! preferve thy wife!
For like the grafted flower that lends
Some hardier plant its bloom,
That ftorm which on the *one* defcends,
Muft breathe a *double* doom!

SONG.—GABRIEL.—(*Kelly*).

OH, when I was young how I kifs'd and I toy'd,
The laffes, fweet creatures! my time quite employ'd;
I wrote them fuch pofies,
'Bout fweet-briars and rofes,
When dancing, their pride was with me to be feen:
Though now run to feed,
And am call'd an old weed,
Yet I do as I pleafe,
Still enjoy my heart's eafe,
And contented I know I'm an old ever-green.

Shut up in this place as though under a frame,
My trunk remains firm, yet my fap an't the fame;
There's not a day paffes,
But all the young laffes,
Like ivy cling round me wherever I'm feen;
Though grown fomewhat old,
My heart's not yet cold,
I'm as blythe and as gay,
As a daify in May,
And my love for the wenches remains ever green.

ANACREONTIC.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple fhower;
And while the drops my goblet fteep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clufters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on, and as thy forrows flow,
I'll tafte the *luxury of woe!*

* The Iliad.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Naples, Dec. 22.

BY letters from Algiers of the 5th inſt. we learn that the regency had declared war againſt Denmark. Orders were given to the Daniſh conſul to take his departure within three days. Theſe were accompanied with menaces of violence, if he ſhould fail to comply.

Citizen Dubois Thainville, agent for the French republic, having ſpecial orders from the firſt conſul to protect all powers in amity with France from the injuſtice and violent outrage of thoſe pirates, ſignified to the dey, that the firſt conſul would hear with concern of conduct ſo irregular towards a power, againſt which there was no reaſonable ground of complaint, and which had lately paid him a very conſiderable tribute.

The mediation of France was highly offenſive to the dey; he even threatened to ſend away the French agent with the Daniſh conſul. Matters are ſuppoſed to have been ſince mutually accommodated between the parties.

The Daniſh agent remains; and it is believed, that, for this time, the regency will not put into execution its threats of declaring war againſt Denmark.

Turkiſh Frontiers, Dec. 25. The Ottoman Porte has, in compliance with ſolicitations from the court of Vienna, agreed to deſiſt from the ſearch of boats paſſing up and down the Danube.

Conſtantinople, Dec. 27. According to official intelligence from Alexandria, eight Engliſh ſhips have arrived, to take on board, as is ſaid, the Engliſh troops in that country, and to convey them to England. The adjutant of general Stuart arrived a few days ago in this capital, and this evening will have an audience of the reis effendi. Nothing yet has tranſpired reſpecting the contents of the diſpatches which he brought, and which have been delivered to the grand vizier,

Rome, Jan. 1. Moſt of the public papers have given out, that the commander Ruſpoli, appointed by his holineſs to be grand maſter of Malta, was not to be found. It was ſaid alſo that he had refuſed to accept the appointment. We are, however, now poſitively aſſured, that in the beginning of laſt December he was found at Bath, returning from Scotland, and proceeding to London; and though he ſhewed ſome reluctance at firſt to accept the nomination of his holineſs, there is reaſon to believe that he will obey the new letters which he muſt by this time have received from the ſovereign pontiff.

Ratiſbon, Jan. 1. We have received the important intelligence, that the Auſtrian troops now in garriſon at Paſſau have received orders to quit that city, and to remove into Innvertel and the biſhopric of Saltzburg. The evacuation will take place before the end of January. This order has been given in conſequence of the convention concluded on the 26th of December, between France and Auſtria, to which Ruſſia has formally acceded, and which is actually ſubmitted to the approbation of the deputation of the empire.

Genoa, Jan. 8. This day, three French ſhips of the line have entered our port, under the command of vice-admiral Bedou, after a voyage of twenty days from Breſt; each with a crew of 560 men. On board this ſquadron the Poliſh demi-brigade will embark, after being reviewed.

Gibraltar, Jan. 10. We have had a ſeries of the worſt weather and the moſt violent gales of wind for a month paſt that have occurred in the memory of the oldeſt inhabitant. Yeſterday and laſt night it again blew a hurricane. This morning no leſs than fourteen veſſels were diſcovered on ſhore at the bottom of the bay, ſeveral of which will

be wrecks; only one of them is English; the reſt are French, Dutch, or Spaniſh. The Cynthia ſloop of war, deſtined for England, ſtill remains wind-bound.

Ratiſbon, Jan. 12. The Auſtrian envoy and miniſter plenipotentiary to the diet, M. de Fahnenberg, is charged with making a propoſition to the diet relative to the preſervation of a balance of religion in the College of Princes, which could not be maintained if the plan of indemnities was ſtrictly adhered to. The plan propoſed by M. Fahnenberg diſtributes the votes according to the importance of the different powers. Of ſeventy voices given to the catholics, Auſtria is to have ten, the grand duke of Tuſcany eight, Bavaria twelve, &c. Of ſixty-eight proteſtant voices, Brandenburgh to have thirteen, Hanover ſeven, &c.

It is eaſy to foreſee that this plan will meet with much oppoſition from the ſtates known by the deſcription of the Pruſſian party.

M. de Hugel, the Imperial plenipotentiary, has given his adheſion to the laſt concluſum of the deputation. He has on this occaſion preſented to the ambaſſadors of the mediating powers a note, in which he invites them, in the moſt preſſing manner, to bring before the diet, and to have decided, the points yet unſettled, viz. the remainder of the endowment of the elector arch-chancellor, and the annuities to be aſſigned to the different ſtates injured by the diſpoſitions of the plan of indemnity; the formation of a fund to maintain the elector of Treves without recurring to the payment of Roman months. The diet ſat on the 10th, but no vote was given on the affairs of the indemnities.

Berne, Jan. 14. Roederer has prepared a plan of a conſtitution for the *ci-devant* ariſtocratic cantons. A grand council, conſiſting at Berne of two hundred and ninety-four members, and at Zurich of two hundred and twelve, is, according to this plan, to form the legiſlative power. The organic laws are, however, to be ſubmitted to the ſanction of the Helvetic diet, which will reject them if they have any thing in them oppoſite to the cantonal conſtitution. This council names the principal officers and deputies to the diet. A petty council of twenty-ſeven members for Berne, and fifty for Zurich, unites the executive, adminiſtrative, and judicial powers. The penſioners and ſecretaries to be elected by the councils. The grand council to hold a regular ſitting of fourteen days every ſix months; it may be brought together on extraordinary occaſions by the convocation of the petty council. The members of the grand council to have no ſalary: thoſe of the petty council to have eight hundred francs at Zurich; ſix hundred at Berne; one thouſand two hundred at Lucerne. The members of the grand council to be for life, thoſe of the petty council to be re-elected every year. The principal articles of this plan are much diſapproved of, particularly the proportion of numbers between Berne and Zurich. Remonſtrances have been preſented on this head, which it is thought will have ſome effect.

Bruſſels, Jan. 20. It appears that it is not in the vicinity of our city alone that an encampment is to be formed for twelve thouſand men. Accounts from the borders of the Rhine mention, that an equal number of troops is to be ſtationed on this part of the frontier. The general commanding the twenty-ſeventh military diviſion has received poſitive orders to this effect. According to the ſame advices, the prefects of the four new departments are to meet in a few days at Coblentz, to confer with citizen Dauchy on all matters that concern their governments. General Beliard had ſet out on the 13th for Paris, with the greateſt precipitation; he returned yeſterday evening, but did not ſtop a moment. He proceeded immediately to Ghent, where the counſellor of ſtate, Pellet de la Lozere, ſtill is. It is not known what occaſioned this precipitate journey, and this return equally precipitate.

Milan, Jan. 24. A decree of the vice-preſident, dated the 21ſt of this month, has been promulgated, declaring that every perſon publiſhing printed works is reſponſible to government for their contents as far as regards the religion of the ſtate, public morality, and the freedom of worſhip, guaranteed by the conſtitution; for every attempt againſt public order, ſubmiſſion to the laws, or the reſpect owing to govern-

ment and the authorities, as well as againſt every thing that might interrupt the harmony, and the attention due to friendly powers, and tending to the defamation of individuals. In conſequence, the author will be obliged to put his name to his printed work; the printer will alſo be bound to annex his own to it: and, if the author chooſe not to be known, the reſponſibility is to fall on the printer, even to the ſevereſt conſequences, unleſs he diſcovers the author. Every proprietor of a printing office is obliged to notify it to the local police authorities, under the penalties mentioned in the decree. All compoſitions for the theatre; every periodical paper, as well domeſtic as foreign; all foreign works, ſo far as they are articles of commerce or traffic; are alike ſubject to the operation of the decree. The privilege of judging is veſted in a magiſtracy, compoſed of three perſons reſiding at Milan, ſubject reſpectively to the miniſters of the interior and of worſhip, in every thing that regards their departments. This magiſtracy is the centre of all the inferior offices of inquiſition throughout the territories of the republic.

Hague, Jan. 25. The enormous thickneſs of the ice has given riſe to conſiderable apprehenſion that its breaking will, this year, be more dangerous in moſt diſtricts than in former ſeaſons.

The government, by means of notices tranſmitted through different provinces, has taken effectual meaſures to have the dykes which ſecure the ſafety of Gueldres and a part of Holland put into a ſituation capable of reſiſting the impetuoſity of the ice. On the other ſide orders have been given to the inhabitants of the villages ſituated on the Rhine, the Wahal, and the Meuſe, to form themſelves into detachments, to name perſons to command them, and to be ready to march in caſe of danger to the places where their preſence may be neceſſary.

Admiral de Winter is to go to Liſbon, after a ſhort ſtay at Toulon, about the beginning of February. There he is to finiſh his cruiſe and to return home. In his lateſt communications to our government, he obſerves, that the coaſts of Italy are entirely abandoned by the Barbary pirates. The Batavian flag has been highly diſtinguiſhed in the Archipelago.

Paris, Feb. 3. Upon the news of the death of general Leclerc, and of the urgent neceſſity of the army in St. Domingo for immediate aſſiſtance, the miniſter of war propoſed to ſuch of the ſoldiers as were willing to embark in that ſervice to come forward and offer themſelves for it as volunteers. Nearly ſixty thouſand men from the old corps accordingly enrolled their names for an expedition to St. Domingo.

The firſt conſul has directed the miniſter of war to teſtify to thoſe gallant men, that he has had the higheſt ſatisfaction in being informed of the generous ſpirit with which they had made their offers; but that, as fifteen thouſand men had recently been diſpatched to the Weſt Indies, no farther ſupplies of troops were, at the preſent moment, wanted for that ſervice. He, however, was deſirous that they ſhould know with what eſteem he beheld that love of glory and of danger which is the true characteriſtic of French heroiſm, and the beſt pledge for the laſting proſperity of a great nation.

Feb. 8. The government of the republic has decreed, on the 4th of this month, the forms of convocation: 1ſt, of the electoral colleges of the department; 2d, of the acts for nominating the preſidents of the ſaid colleges; 3d, of the letters of the firſt conſul to the public officer commiſſioned to receive the oaths of the preſidents of the ſaid colleges; 4th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to the preſidents of the colleges; 5th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to the chief inſpector of the national gendarmerie; 6th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to each general commanding a military diviſion; 7th, of the arretes for aſſembling the electoral colleges of each circular diſtrict; 8th, of the acts for nominating the preſidents of ſuch colleges; 9th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to the public officer commiſſioned to take the oath of the preſident of ſuch colleges; 10th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to the preſidents of ſuch colleges; 11th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to the chief inſpector of the national gendarmerie; 12th, of the letters of the firſt conſul to each general commanding a military diviſion.

HOME NEWS.

Glasgow, Jan. 25.

ON Sunday afternoon a crowd of disorderly persons assembled in front of the College, on the pretext of searching for a dead body, and though all the college rooms were immediately opened and searched by the magistrates, and the most perfect assurances given that the body was not in the college, and that the college had no concern either directly or indirectly with the matter, they proceeded to acts of violence, breaking most of the front windows, and threatening to break into the buildings.

Yesterday they again assembled, and, after the most daring acts of outrage, were dispersed by the magistrates. No person has been materially hurt. To-day the university is protected by a military force, and the business of the college is to go on as usual to-morrow. Several persons have been apprehended and committed to prison in consequence of this outrage, and rewards are offered by the magistrates and by the college for the discovery of any of the persons principally concerned in exciting this disturbance.

Jan. 29. The number of new buildings at present going on, and to be begun in the spring, in this city and its neighbourhood, afford a striking proof of its prosperity, and of the increase of the population. A great number of houses are to be built immediately, and lots of building ground have, within these few days, been formed in different parts of the city, to the amount of 80,000l. sterling. Five hundred houses are soon to be built, chiefly for operative weavers, by societies into which they have formed themselves. Every member is to have a house built for him, for which he is to pay, at his entry into the society, six pounds sterling, and every month thereafter half a guinea, till the whole expence be defrayed.

London, Jan. 31. A singular attempt to commit suicide occurred yesterday evening at the Cheshire Cheese, Fleet-street. A respectable-looking young man, who had frequently been in the house, who had conducted himself with propriety, and who, from his appearance and other circumstances, is supposed to be a clergyman, after dining, and offering up large libations, suddenly left the room in a state of extreme intoxication. In a short time the report of a pistol was heard: some gentlemen in the house instantly ran into the yard, where they found the young man in the greatest perturbation, his mouth bleeding most copiously, and the pistol, on their entering the yard, thrown from him. He appeared, at first, much agitated, and declared he was "a dead man." Nothing further than a violent contusion of the lip, however, appeared to have taken place; and whether the pistol was loaded with ball, or not, is yet unknown. On his being taken into the house, and questioned as to his intention, he said, had his design taken place he should have been now in heaven. In some further conversation, he, in a very incoherent manner, attempted to justify suicide. On being asked where he lived, he said, in Mount-street, Lambeth. His conduct evincing every mark of insanity, whether from intoxication or otherwise, it was deemed necessary to place him in a state of security until the morning: he was therefore taken to the Compter.

About one o'clock on Saturday a man threw himself over London bridge: he was hurried by the torrent from the water-works arch under a vessel: his body disappeared, and is not yet found. He had for some time been mentally deranged.

Newark, Jan. 31. Thursday morning, a person going into the house of Mrs. Mayfield, of Beamond Cross, near

this town, beheld the woman, who was very old, lying before the fire, and burnt to a cinder! It appeared ſhe had been at breakfaſt alone, and had probably fallen into the fire in a fit.

London, Feb. 1. A very ſerious accident has taken place in the Paddington Canal, which, till reparation can be made, has entirely put an end to the navigation. It appears that the cylinders which run under the canal, and are conſtructed for the purpoſe of carrying off the land waters, have burſt, owing to the ſudden froſt, and let out nearly all the water in the canal, from its commencement at Paddington to the fourth bridge.

The hurricanes for the laſt fortnight on the whole of the Eaſt Riding of Yorkſhire have been more tempeſtuous and fatal than were ever known. Nothing has been ſeen along the whole ſhore but parts of wrecks of veſſels and the dead bodies of unfortunate men who have periſhed in the ſtorms. The American conſul, his wife, and child, were with great difficulty ſaved at Bridlington Quay, and were brought on ſhore, nearly naked, in an open boat. A black, who attempted to ſwim to the ſhore, was daſhed to pieces againſt the rocks.

Feb. 2. A gentleman in a reſpectable mercantile houſe, not long ſince married to a very amiable young lady, exhibited of late ſome ſymptoms of mental derangement, particularly in writing an incoherent letter to his partner, with whom he was in the cloſeſt habits of intimacy, requeſting him to take care of his wife after he was gone. The ſubſtance of this letter was communicated to the lady, who judged it right to watch narrowly the conduct of her huſband, fearing he had ſome deſign on his life. Notwithſtanding the precautions uſed, the unfortunate gentleman found means, on Tueſday laſt, to go to a chemiſt's, and purchaſe a crown's worth of laudanum in a phial, with which he wandered towards Bedford-ſquare, and there drank the contents. Soon after, he went into a public-houſe, and ſat down: the landlord, ſuppoſing him intoxicated, took little notice of him, till, appearing very ill, he was queſtioned. The unfortunate perſon then aſked for brandy: the landlord gave him ſome, which had the immediate effect of bringing a good deal of the laudanum off his ſtomach, or he muſt ſhortly have died. His pockets were then ſearched, when nothing was found about him but the direction to a friend's houſe, which probably he had put in his pocket on purpoſe: through this friend intelligence was conveyed to the lady, who, on on her arrival, found her huſband in the moſt deplorable ſtate, with one ſide of his face and body compltetely paralyſed. Notwithſtanding the beſt medical aſſiſtance, he ſtill remains in this ſtate, and very little hopes are entertained of his recovery. This raſh act cannot otherwiſe be accounted for but by inſanity, as the gentleman was in no pecuniary or other embarraſſment.

Feb. 4. In the night between Tueſday and Wedneſday laſt, the extenſive manufactory of Meſſrs. Wedgwood and Byerley, at Etruria, in Staffordſhire, was diſcovered to be on fire: the neighbourhood was immediately alarmed, and every aſſiſtance poſſible was rendered; but conſiderable damage was done before the flames could be extinguiſhed.

Feb. 5. The ſpecial commiſſion for the trial of colonel *Deſpard* and twelve others, on an indictment for high treaſon, was this day opened at the court-houſe, Horſemonger-lane, in the Borough. The judges on the commiſſion were lord Ellenborough, Mr. juſtice Le Blanc, Mr. juſtice Chambre, and Mr. baron Thompſon. The priſoners were arraigned, and pleaded not guilty; after which the court adjourned till Monday, Feb. 7.

Dover, Feb. 6. The Hyacinth, captain Pollet, maſter, from Calais, arrived yeſterday evening, with twenty-one paſſengers and baggage; alſo the L'Achille, captain Robert Cornue, from Boulogne, with Mrs. Suſannah Meynai, Joſeph Eſtridge, eſq., and the corpſe of Edward Eſtridge, and two carriages. For ſome days paſt a great deal of money has been brought over from Calais: this morning were landed from the Ducheſs of York, captain Watſon, from Calais, 18 caſes of money; from the Hyacinth, 4 caſes, 5 bags, and 2 caſks ditto; and from the Auckland, captain Norris, 23 caſes and caſks; making in

all 52 packages of money, weighing 68 cwt. 3 qrs.

London, Feb. 7. The trial of colonel Defpard for treafon came on this day at the court-houfe, Horfemonger-lane, and lafted eighteen hours, till nearly three o'clock the following morning. Seventeen witneffes were called on the part of the profecution. Mr. ferjeant Beft addreffed the court in behalf of his client, the prifoner; and, after a very able fpeech, called witneffes to character, viz. lord Nelfon, general fir Alured Clarke, fir Evan Nepean, and George Long, efq.; all of whom fpoke highly of the conduct of colonel Defpard while he bore a commiffion in his Majefty's fervice. Mr. Gurney then addreffed the court and the jury alfo in behalf of the prifoner, and was replied to by the folicitor-general. The arguments of counfel on both fides being concluded, the lord prefident proceeded to fum up the evidence, which he did in a fpeech of nearly two hours. A few minutes before three, the jury retired to confider their verdict: at half paft, they returned into court, and pronounced a verdict of *guilty*; but, in confideration of the high teftimonials to the colonel's former good conduct and character, they begged leave to recommend him earneftly to mercy. The court, after thanking the jury for their patient attention, adjourned till Wednefday, when the trials of the other prifoners will be proceeded on.

Colonel Defpard was dreffed in a dark-blue coat and fcarlet waiftcoat: his hair was without powder. His behaviour during the whole of the trial was cool and collected: he paid much attention to the evidence, but did not put any queftions himfelf to the different witneffes. He handed feveral letters to his counfel during the progrefs of the trial, and at one part of it wifhed to be permitted to fit near them: the court, however, could not depart from the ufual form of the prifoner's remaining at the bar.

The colonel heard the verdict with firmnefs.

Feb. 8. The new palace at Kew is not expected to be finifhed for five years, when the expences, it is eftimated, will amount to nearly half a million of money. The joifts for the flooring are formed of caft iron: the ceilings are to be compofed of the new ftucco; and the better to obviate any accident from fire, iron is fubftituted for wood on every poffible occafion. One wing, comprifing part of the offices, is built; and the whole is to be furrounded by a wall 30 feet high, which will give it the appearance of a fortified prifon.

Feb. 9. The court met, at the feffions-houfe, Horfemonger-lane, purfuant to adjournment, a little after nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to the trial of the following prifoners—John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Thomas Phillips, Thomas Newman, John Doyle, Daniel Tyndal, James Sedgwick Wrattan, William Lander, Arthur Graham, Samuel Smith, and John M'Namara.

The trial lafted from nine in the morning till fix the next morning. The evidence was nearly the fame as on the trial of colonel Defpard. The jury retired for one hour and thirty-five minutes, and then returned a verdict of guilty againft the nine following prifoners, viz. John Wood, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Thomas Newman, Daniel Tyndal, John Sedgwick Wratten, William Lander, Arthur Graham, John M'Namara.

Thomas Philips and Samuel Smith were acquitted.

Mr. Defpard was then ordered into court, and was fpeedily brought to the bar. The court then announced to the prifoners their conviction, and put the ufual queftion, if they had any caufe to fhew why fentence fhould not pafs.

Mr. Defpard addreffed a few words to the court, but in fo low a tone of voice as to be inaudible to our reporter.

Lord Ellenborough then proceeded to addrefs, firft Mr. Defpard, and afterwards the other prifoners, in a moft folemn, awful, and impreffive manner, on the enormity of their offence, which filled every eye in the court with tears. His lordfhip then proceeded to pafs the awful fentence of the law in cafes of high treafon—which is, hanging, difemboweling, quartering, and beheading.

Feb. 14. Some curious Galvanic experiments were made on Friday laft, by profeffor Aldini, in Dr. Pearfon's lec-

wire rooms. They were instituted in the presence of his excellency the ambassador of France, general Andreossi, lord Pelham, the duke of Roxburgh, lord Castlereagh, lord Hervey, the hon. Mr. Upton, &c. The head of an ox, recently decapitated, exhibited astonishing effects: for the tongue being drawn out by a hook fixed into it, on applying the exciters, in spite of the strength of the assistant, the tongue was retracted, so as to detach itself, by tearing itself from the hook: at the same time a loud noise issued from the mouth, by the absorption of air, attended by violent contortions of the whole head and eyes.

Feb. 21. This day colonel Despard, Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, Wratten, and M'Namara, were executed, pursuant to their sentence, on a scaffold erected on the top of the new gaol, in the Borough. They were first drawn on hurdles, across the court-yard of the prison, to the foot of the stairs leading up to the scaffold. Colonel Despard addressed the populace in a short speech, which he delivered with manly firmness.

After hanging about half an hour, they were taken down, their heads placed on a block, and severed from their bodies; the executioner holding up the head of each, and exclaiming, "This is the head of a traitor," mentioning the name.

They were turned off about nine o'clock. There was not the least tendency to riot or disturbance: a great body of the civil power, and a large military force, were, however, on duty.

BIRTHS.

January 24. The lady of the right hon. Lord Hervey was safely delivered of a son, at his Lordship's house, in Cleveland-row.

27. Lady Caroline Capel, at the hon. J. T. Capel's residence, at Holmbush, near Horsham, of a son.

29. At Panmure-house, the lady of the hon. capt. John Ramsay, of the 92d regiment, of a daughter.

At Cottle's house, Wilts, the lady of B. Hobhouse, esq. M.P. of a daughter.

30. At his house in Russel-place, the lady of Charles Bishop, esq. of a daughter.

At Everton, near Liverpool, the lady of William Robison, esq. of a son.

In George-street, Mansion-house, the lady of George Smith, esq. of a son.

31. At Ampton, in Suffolk, lady Charles Fitzroy, of a daughter.

The lady of W. Mills, esq. of John-street, Pentonville, of a daughter.

The lady of sir F. L. Wood, of Hensworth, of a daughter.

The lady of Daniel Blake, esq. of a son.

February 3. The lady of W. Davies, esq. at his house, in Gower-street, of a daughter.

The hon. Mrs. J. Markham, of the Admiralty, of a son.

The lady of Vincent Kennet, esq. of New Cavendish-street, Portland-place, of a daughter.

5. At Melbury, the countess of Ilchester, of a son.

Lady Mary Murray Ocmertyre, of a daughter.

9. In Queen Anne-street West, the lady of Hugh Doherty, esq. of the 29th Light Dragoons, of a son and heir.

The right hon. lady Clifford, at his Lordship's seat, Ugbrooke, near Chudley, of a son.

Viscountess Southwell, of a daughter.

10. The hon. Mrs. Spencer Perceval, at the house of the Attorney General, in Lincon's-Inn-fields, of a son.

12. At Chelsea, the lady of lieutenant Bremer, of the Royal Navy, of a daughter.

The right hon. lady Charles Somerset, at his lordship's house, at Hadley, near Barnet, of a son.

At Rochester, the lady of the hon. and rev. Dr. Marsham, of a daughter.

13. At Great Ealing, the lady of Rd. Chambers, jun. esq. of Hanley Castle, Worcestershire, of a daughter.

14. In Baker-street, the lady of lieut.-colonel Knox, of the 1st Foot Guards, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

January 20. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, major-general Gent, to miss Temple French.

27. At Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, George Christopher Pulling, esq. captain

in the royal navy, to miſs Moſer, of Chepſtow.

At Pool, Michael Sweetman, eſq. of Roſs, in Ireland, to miſs Saunders, daughter of Thomas Saunders, eſq. of Poole, Dorſet.

At Canterbury, after a courtſhip of thirty years, Mr. M. Devine, to Mrs. Jane Edwards.—They are both upwards of 70 years of age.

At Yarmouth, by the rev. Dr. Turner, Mr. S. Simpſon, woollen-draper, to miſs Judith Batley, daughter of Mr. Batley, merchant.

29. Captain Hodder of the royal navy, to miſs Troy, eldeſt daughter of the late J. C. Troy, eſq. of Chatham.

February 1. At St. Margaret's Church, Weſtminſter, Mr. Samuel Charounceau, of the great ſanctuary, Weſtminſter, to Mrs. Brown, of Strutton-grounds.

Mr. Thomſon, of Groveſnor-row, Chelſea, to miſs Ann Mably, of Ayleſbury, Bucks.

Laſt week, at Hadham, Herts, Mr. C. Cheſſins, of Hoddeſdon, farmer, to miſs C. North, of Hadham.

2. By ſpecial licence, at the earl of Jerſey's, in Stratford-place, by the rev. Egerton Robert Neve, John Ponſonby, eſq. to the right hon. lady Fanny Villiers.

In the Iſle of White, J. P. Murray, eſq. M.P. for Yarmouth, only ſon of the late hon. general J. Murray, to miſs Ruſhworth, eldeſt daughter of E. Ruſhworth, eſq. of Freſhwater-houſe, and grand-daughter of lord Holines.

At Hanmer, in the county of Flint, lord Kenyon, to miſs Hanmer, daughter of ſir Thomas Hanmer, bart. of Bettisfield-park.

At Bromley, Kent, by the rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Edward Lattar, attorney there, to miſs Robiſon, of the ſame place.

At Deptford, T. Nunn, eſq. of Redcroſs-ſtreet, Cripplegate, to miſs Nicholſon, ſecond daughter of the late R. Nicholſon, eſq. of Loampit-hill, Kent.

3. At St. Andrew's Church, in Plymouth, captain Walrona, of the Coldſtream Guards, to miſs Hall, of Manadon.

The rev. Dr. Price, chaplain to his royal highneſs the prince of Wales, to miſs Pepys, eldeſt daughter of Edmund Pepys, eſq. of Upper Charlotte-ſtreet, Fitzroy-ſquare.

5. Mr. Raulinſon, of Tottenham-court road, to miſs Seymour, of Portland-ſtreet.

7. At Harſton, in Norfolk, the rev. W. Legard, ſon of the late ſir Digby Legard, bart. of Ganton in Yorkſhire, to miſs Olderſhaw, eldeſt daughter of the late Dr. Olderſhaw, of Stamford.

Capt. George Hope, of the royal navy, to lady Jemima Johnſtone, daughter of the right hon. the earl of Hopetoun.

9. At St. Margaret's Church, by the rev. Dr. Fynes, captain Howard Elphinſtone, of the royal engineers, to miſs Warburton, eldeſt daughter of John Warburton, eſq. of Parliament-ſtreet.

At Balindean, in Perthſhire, the hon. major-general John Hope, to miſs Louiſa Dorothea Wedderburn, daughter of ſir John Wedderburn, bart.

10. At Windſor, Matthew Buckle, eſq. of Sheet, in Hampſhire, to miſs Buckle, daughter of the late admiral Buckle.

DEATHS.

January 25. Suddenly, at Briſtol, H. W. T. Hawley, eſq. lieut-colonel of the king's dragoon guards.

Thomas Allwright, eſq. firſt captain of the royal naval hoſpital at Greenwich.

31. At his apartments in the city chambers, J. Vaughan, eſq. late banker in Cornhill.

February 4. At Paris, the lady of ſir Alexander Grant, bart.

5. At Plymouth, lieut. John Newton, of the royal navy, aged 67: 52 years of his life he had ſpent in the ſervice of his country, out of which he was 43 years a lieutenant.

6. At Weſt Moulſey, Mrs. Shuker.

10. Lieut.-col. Frederick Manners, of the 96th regiment.

At Bath, John Buchanan, eſq. of Devonſhire-ſtreet, Portland-place.

At his houſe, Devonſhire-ſtreet, Portland-place, Walter Kettleby Alder, eſq. aged 49.

At Cheſter, at the advanced age of 84, Mrs. Conway Hope, widow of the late George Hope, of Hope, eſq. and the only remaining daughter of the late ſir Thomas Longueville, bart. deceaſed.